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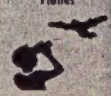
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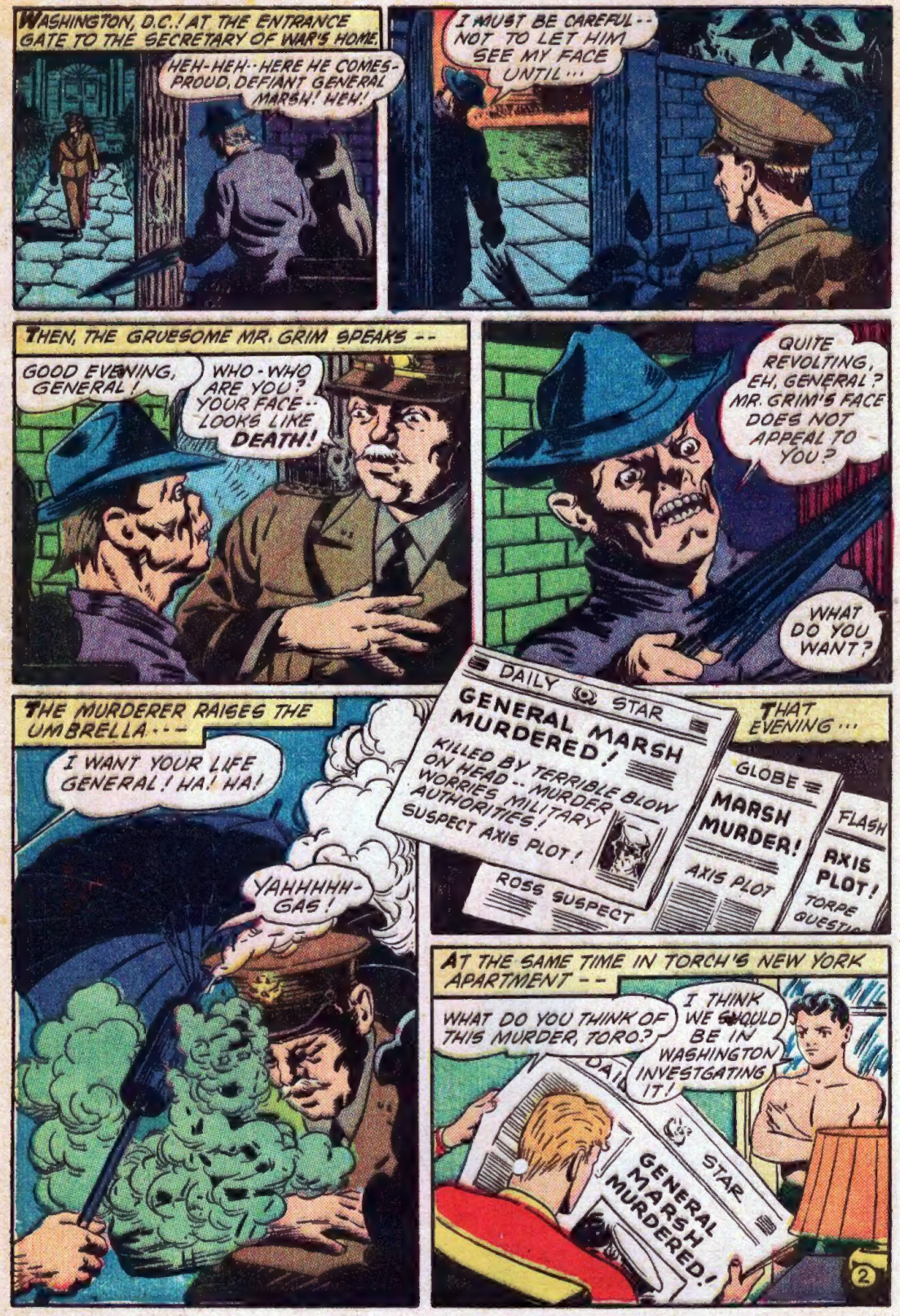
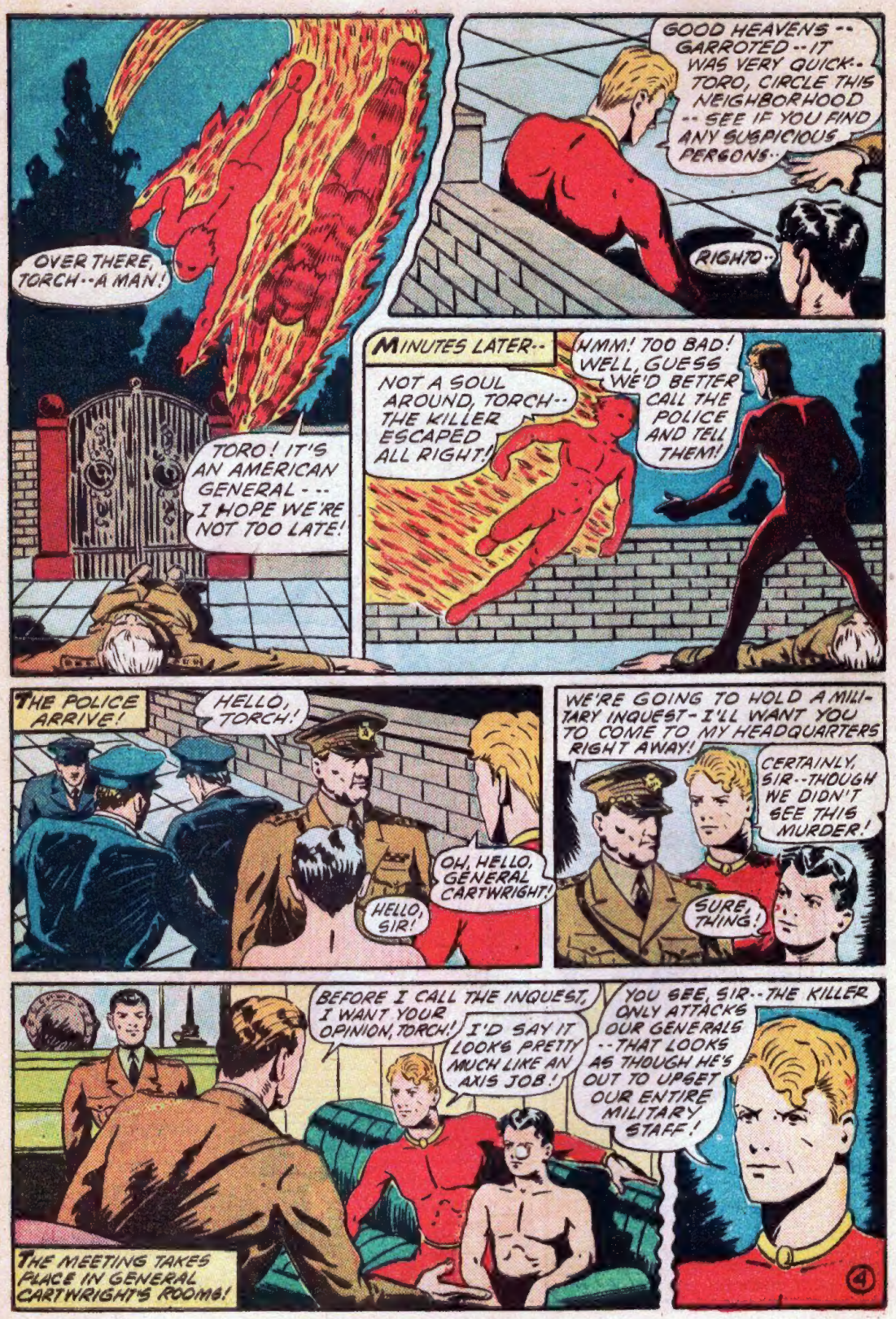
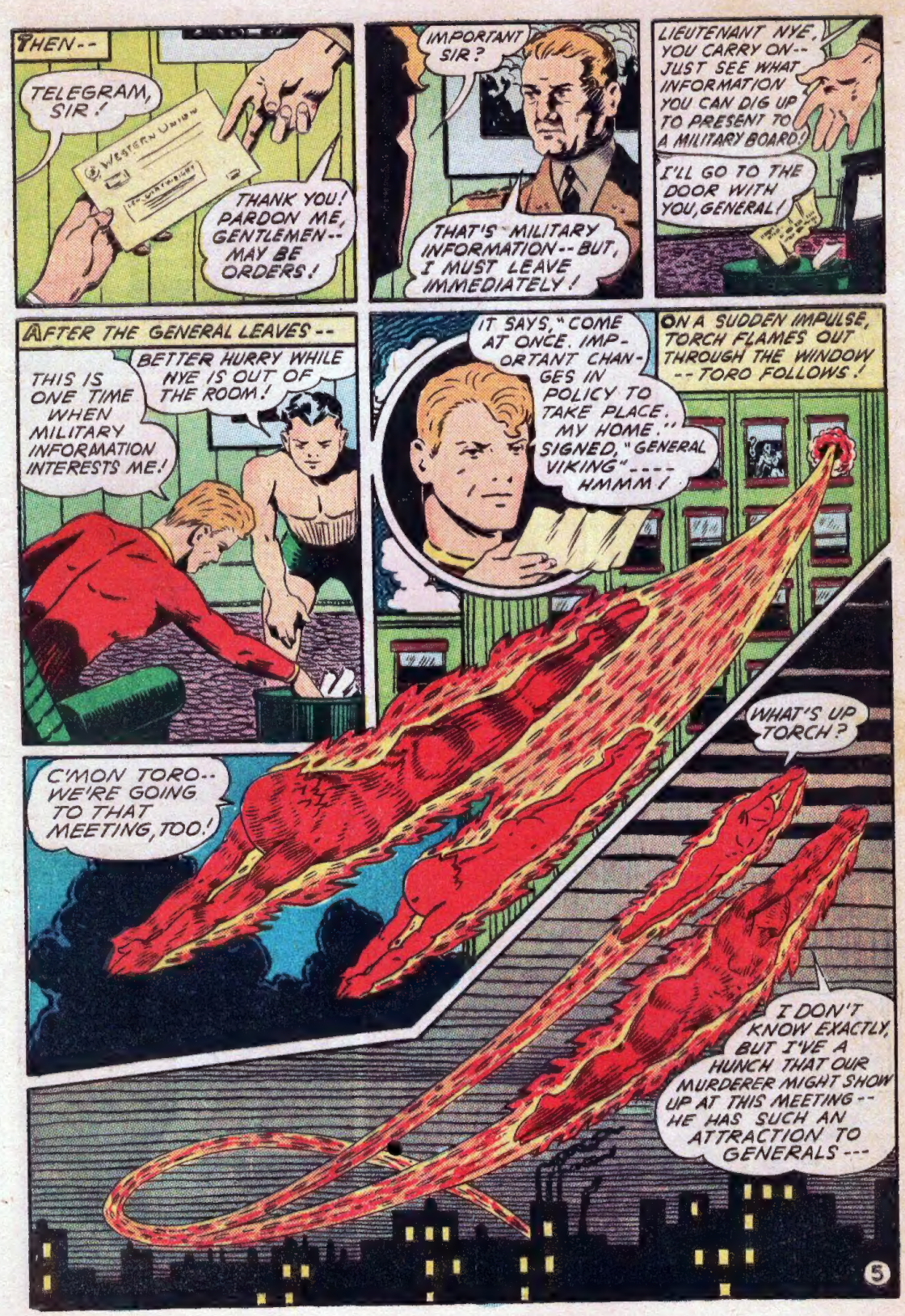
HUMAN TORCH
TORCH and TORO UNMASK THE MASQUERADING MR. GRIM!


WASHINGTON, D.C.! AT THE ENTRANCE GATE TO THE SECRETARY OF WAR'S HOME.
HEH-HEH--HERE HE COMES-PROUD, DEFIANT GENERAL MARSH! HEH!
I MUST BE CAREFUL--NOT TO LET HIM SEE MY FACE UNTIL...
THEN, THE GRUESOME MR. GRIM SPEAKS--
GOOD EVENING, GENERAL!
WHO-WHO ARE YOU? YOUR FACE--LOOKS LIKE DEATH!
QUITE REVOLTING, EH, GENERAL? MR. GRIM'S FACE DOES NOT APPEAL TO YOU?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
THE MURDERER RAISES THE UMBRELLA---
I WANT YOUR LIFE GENERAL! HA! HA!
YAHHHHH-GAS!
DAILY STAR
GENERAL MARSH MURDERED!
KILLED BY TERRIBLE BLOW ON HEAD--MURDER WORRIES MILITARY AUTHORITIES!
SUSPECT AXIS PLOT!
ROSS SUSPECT
THAT EVENING...
GLOBE
MARSH MURDER!
AXIS PLOT
FLASH
AXIS PLOT!
TORPE QUESTI
AT THE SAME TIME IN TORCH'S NEW YORK APARTMENT--
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS MURDER, TORO?
I THINK WE SHOULD BE IN WASHINGTON INVESTGATING IT!
STAR
GENERAL MARSH MURDERED!
2

INSTANTLY, THE TWO FLAME MASTERS ZOOM SKYWARD - - -
AND THAT'S JUST WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO, TORO!
NOW YOU'RE TALKING!
EVEN AS THE TORCH AND TORO ENTER WASHINGTON, MR. GRIM IS ABOUT TO STRIKE AGAIN!
NUMBER TWO ON MY LIST - GENERAL VORHEES - HAH! HOW CONFIDENT HE LOOKS!
COME CLOSER, GENERAL - CLOSER TO THE THRESH-HOLD OF DEATH!
I AM BLIND
A PENNY, GENERAL - A PENNY, KIND GENERAL -
I AM BLIND
HUH?!
SAY, THERE - IF YOU'RE BLIND, HOW DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM!?
HAH, GENERAL - I'M NOT SO BLIND THAT I DON'T SEE - -
- - THE FACE OF DEATH!
MR. GRIM STRIKES SWIFTLY ....
AND ABOVE - - -
I HEARD A SCREAM!
SO DID I - - - C'MON! WE'RE GOING DOWN!
3

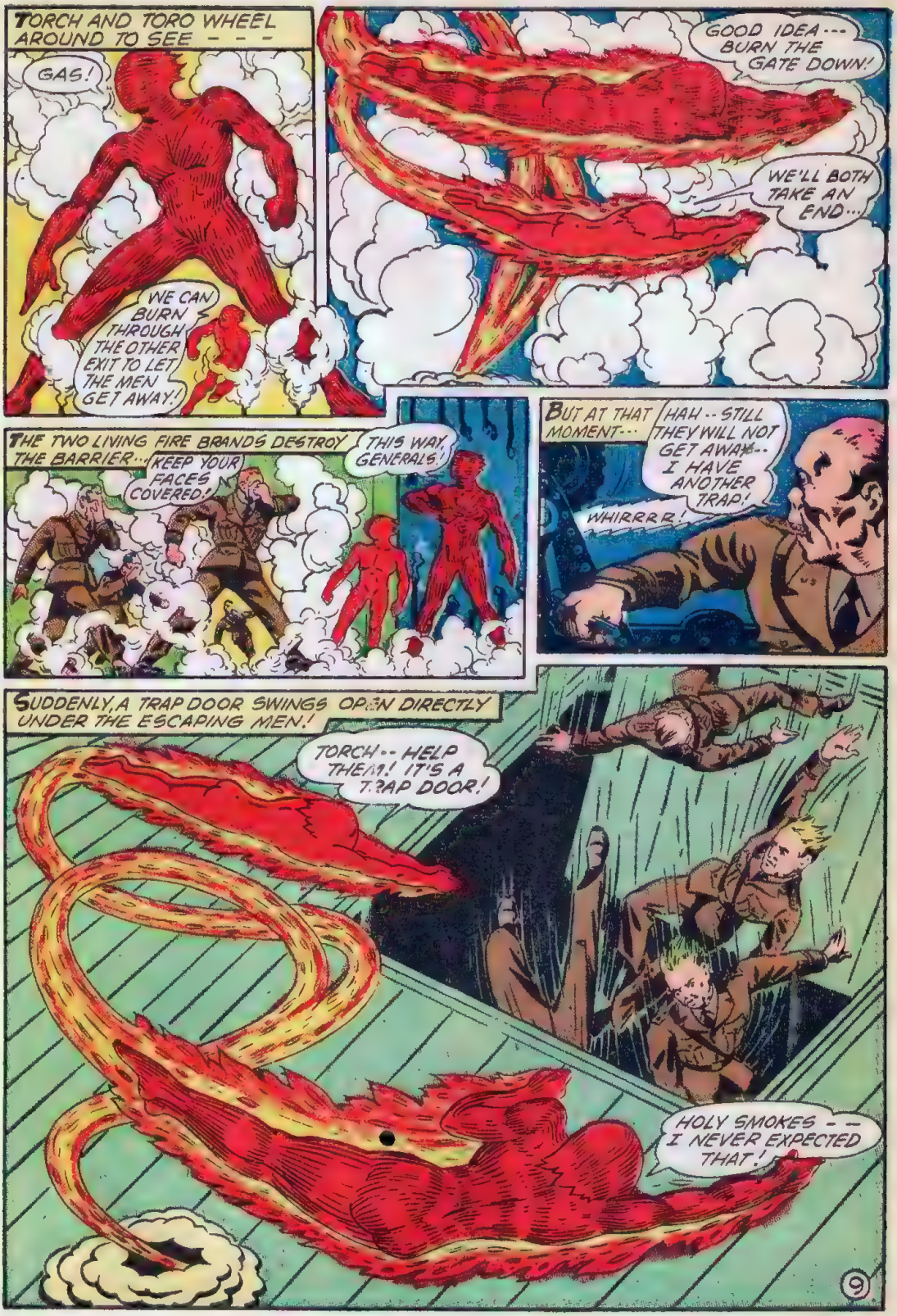

OVER THERE, TORCH--A MAN!
TORO! IT'S AN AMERICAN GENERAL--- I HOPE WE'RE NOT TOO LATE!
GOOD HEAVENS -- GARROTED--IT WAS VERY QUICK-- TORO, CIRCLE THIS NEIGHBORHOOD -- SEE IF YOU FIND ANY SUSPICIOUS PERSONS--
RIGHTO--
MINUTES LATER--
NOT A SOUL AROUND, TORCH-- THE KILLER ESCAPED ALL RIGHT!
HMM! TOO BAD! WELL, GUESS WE'D BETTER CALL THE POLICE AND TELL THEM!
THE POLICE ARRIVE!
HELLO, TORCH!
OH, HELLO, GENERAL CARTWRIGHT!
HELLO, SIR!
WE'RE GOING TO HOLD A MILITARY INQUEST- I'LL WANT YOU TO COME TO MY HEADQUARTERS RIGHT AWAY!
CERTAINLY, SIR--THOUGH WE DIDN'T SEE THIS MURDER!
SURE, THING!
THE MEETING TAKES PLACE IN GENERAL CARTWRIGHT'S ROOMS!
BEFORE I CALL THE INQUEST, I WANT YOUR OPINION, TORCH!
I'D SAY IT LOOKS PRETTY MUCH LIKE AN AXIS JOB!
YOU SEE, SIR--THE KILLER ONLY ATTACKS OUR GENERALS --THAT LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S OUT TO UPSET OUR ENTIRE MILITARY STAFF!
4

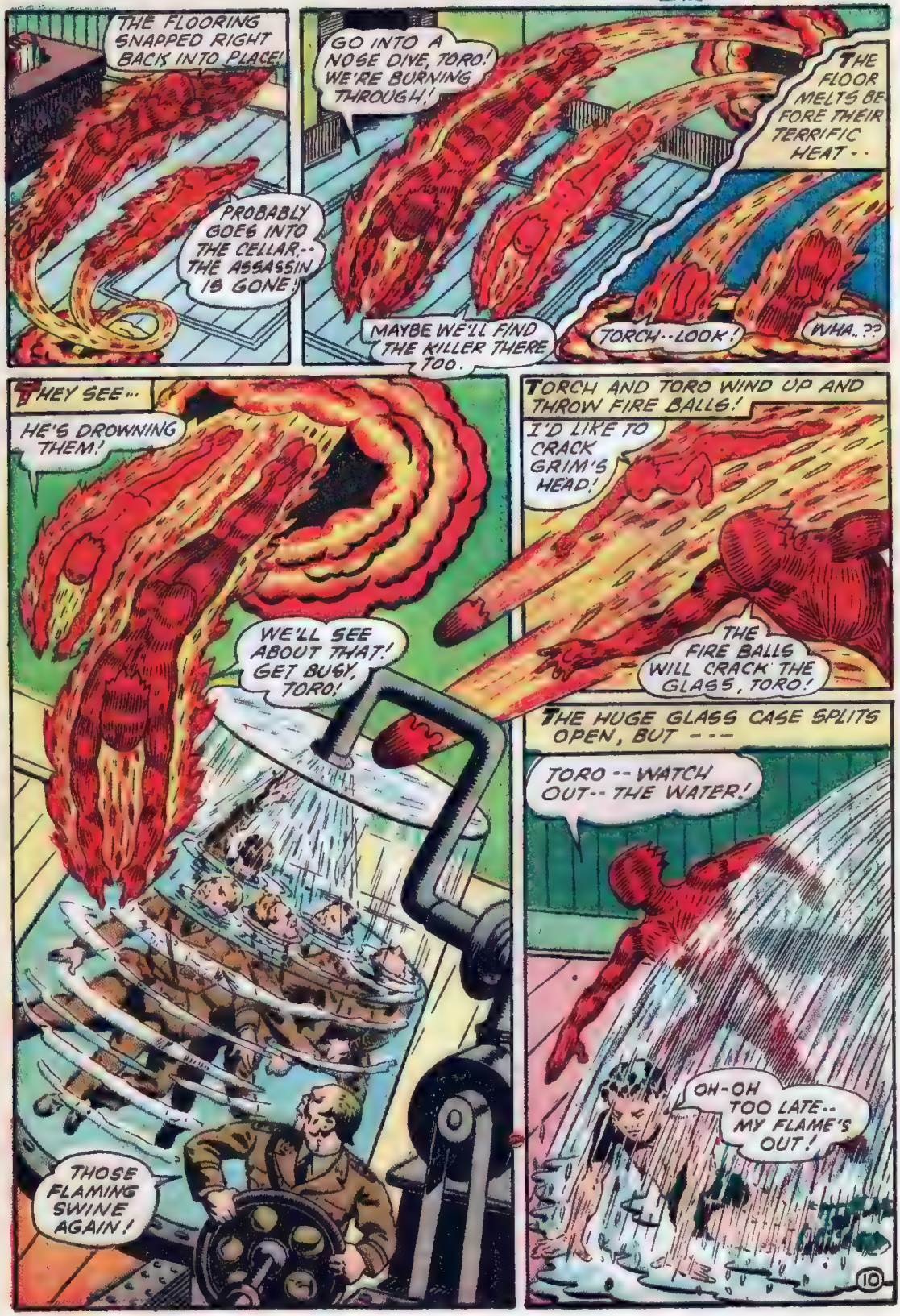

THEN--
TELEGRAM, SIR!
WESTERN UNION
THANK YOU! PARDON ME, GENTLEMEN-- MAY BE ORDERS!
IMPORTANT SIR?
THAT'S MILITARY INFORMATION--BUT, I MUST LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!
LIEUTENANT NYE. YOU CARRY ON-- JUST SEE WHAT INFORMATION YOU CAN DIG UP TO PRESENT TO A MILITARY BOARD!
I'LL GO TO THE DOOR WITH YOU, GENERAL!
AFTER THE GENERAL LEAVES--
BETTER HURRY WHILE NYE IS OUT OF THE ROOM!
THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN MILITARY INFORMATION INTERESTS ME!
IT SAYS, "COME AT ONCE. IMPORTANT CHANGES IN POLICY TO TAKE PLACE. MY HOME." SIGNED, "GENERAL VIKING"---- HMMM!
ON A SUDDEN IMPULSE, TORCH FLAMES OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW --TORO FOLLOWS!
C'MON TORO-- WE'RE GOING TO THAT MEETING, TOO!
WHAT'S UP TORCH?
I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY, BUT I'VE A HUNCH THAT OUR MURDERER MIGHT SHOW UP AT THIS MEETING-- HE HAS SUCH AN ATTRACTION TO GENERALS---
5

CARTWRIGHT ARRIVES AT CHIEF OF STAFF VIKING'S RESIDENCE...
HELLO, GEORGE.. THE OTHERS HERE?
YES, SIR, GENERAL! IN THE LIBRARY!
HELLO, CARTWRIGHT.. WHAT'S GOING ON?
I HAVE NO IDEA, WARE! LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING BIG!
HERE COMES VIKING NOW!
VIKING, WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT?... NEW ORDERS?
GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN! I HAVE SAD NEWS FOR YOU-- THE AXIS HAS BEEN GIVEN AN OPPORTUNITY TO DELIVER A MASTER STROKE AGAINST US!
WHAT...?
WELL !!!
GENTLEMEN...YOU ARE ALL GOING TO DIE THIS EVENING!
WHAT???
???
???
GENERAL VIKING.. ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?
AH.. BUT I AM NOT VIKING! HE'S BEEN DEAD FOR SOME TIME!
6

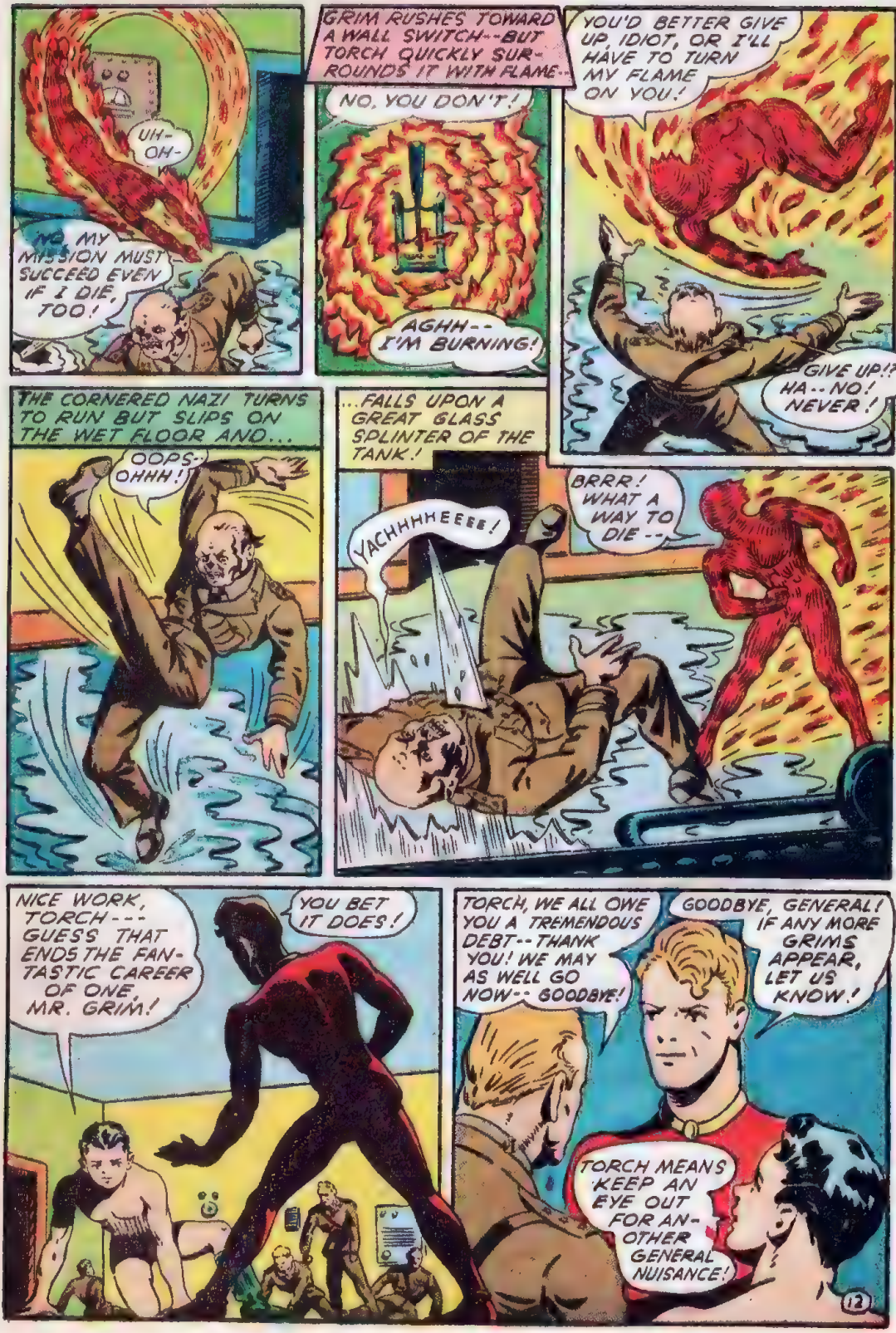
THE "GENERAL" RIPS OFF A PLASTER MASK AND ...
GENTLEMEN, MEET -- MR. GRIM!!
WE'VE BEEN TRICKED!
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
GET THE IMPOSTER!
HE KILLED GENERAL VIKING!
FOOLS! STAND BACK!
SUDDENLY, A METAL GRILL DROPS DOWN IN FRONT OF MR. GRIM.
A GATE-- WE'RE LOCKED IN HERE!
CRASH!
NO! OUT THE OTHER WAY, MEN!
HURRY -- WE'VE GOT TO GET GRIM!
BUT..
YAH! ANOTHER GATE!
NOW WE ARE TRAPPED!
CRASH!
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE..
THAT'S THE PLACE!
DROP DOWN, TORO!
7

AND INSIDE AGAIN---
NO, YOU WON'T GET OUT--I'VE PLANNED THIS FOR YEARS! ONE MONTH AGO, I KILLED GENERAL VIKING AND TOOK HIS PLACE! TONIGHT I AM QUITE READY FOR YOU. THIS WILL BE A GREAT DAY FOR THE AXIS!
YOU'RE FIRST, GENERAL WARE-
NO, FOOL-YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
THE GUN BARKS...
AGHHHH!
BANG!
FIEND.. STOP THIS MADNESS!
YOU'RE NEXT, CARTWRIGHT--
SUDDENLY, A LIVID GLOW FILLS THE ROOM AS THE HUMAN TORCH AND TORO BURST THROUGH!
TORCH! TORO! THANK HEAVEN!
BAH! THOSE BLASTED FIRE-EATERS!
THRU THE BARS, TORO!
HAH--THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! LOOK BEHIND YOU!! HAH!
YOUR TREACHERY IS ENDED!
8


TORCH AND TORO WHEEL AROUND TO SEE - - -
GAS!
WE CAN BURN THROUGH THE OTHER EXIT TO LET THE MEN GET AWAY!
GOOD IDEA--- BURN THE GATE DOWN!
WE'LL BOTH TAKE AN END...
THE TWO LIVING FIRE BRANDS DESTROY THE BARRIER...
KEEP YOUR FACES COVERED!
THIS WAY, GENERALS!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT---
HAH -- STILL THEY WILL NOT GET AWAY... I HAVE ANOTHER TRAP!
WHIRRRR!
SUDDENLY, A TRAP DOOR SWINGS OPEN DIRECTLY UNDER THE ESCAPING MEN!
TORCH -- HELP THEM! IT'S A TRAP DOOR!
HOLY SMOKES - -- I NEVER EXPECTED THAT!
9


THE FLOORING SNAPPED RIGHT BACK INTO PLACE!
PROBABLY GOES INTO THE CELLAR-- THE ASSASSIN IS GONE!
GO INTO A NOSE DIVE, TORO! WE'RE BURNING THROUGH!
THE FLOOR MELTS BEFORE THEIR TERRIFIC HEAT..
MAYBE WE'LL FIND THE KILLER THERE TOO.
TORCH--LOOK!
WHA..??
THEY SEE..
HE'S DROWNING THEM!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! GET BUSY, TORO!
THOSE FLAMING SWINE AGAIN!
TORCH AND TORO WIND UP AND THROW FIRE BALLS!
I'D LIKE TO CRACK GRIM'S HEAD!
THE FIRE BALLS WILL CRACK THE GLASS, TORO!
THE HUGE GLASS CASE SPLITS OPEN, BUT ---
TORO -- WATCH OUT-- THE WATER!
OH-OH TOO LATE-- MY FLAME'S OUT!
10

TORO--GET UP!
WHEW--WHAT A DRENCHING--
MEANWHILE....
HAH! TORO CANNOT FLAME--GOOD!
NOW, TO PUT AN END TO YOU!
WAA---TORCH... TORCH, GET HIM!
TORCH ACTS SWIFTLY...
DROP THAT AXE!
NICE SHOT, TORCH--
YAGHHHHH--FIRE!!!
I'LL FIX THAT, TOO!
NO--NO! I GET THE AXE AND...
TORCH DESTROYS THE DANGEROUS TOOL WITH A SWEEP OF HIS FLAMING ARM!
YOU'RE WASHED UP NOW....!
11


UH-OH-
NO, MY MISSION MUST SUCCEED EVEN IF I DIE, TOO!
GRIM RUSHES TOWARD A WALL SWITCH--BUT TORCH QUICKLY SURROUNDS IT WITH FLAME--
NO, YOU DON'T!
AGHH--I'M BURNING!
YOU'D BETTER GIVE UP, IDIOT, OR I'LL HAVE TO TURN MY FLAME ON YOU!
GIVE UP!? HA--NO! NEVER!
THE CORNERED NAZI TURNS TO RUN BUT SLIPS ON THE WET FLOOR AND...
OOPS-OHHH!
...FALLS UPON A GREAT GLASS SPLINTER OF THE TANK!
YACHHHHEEEE!
BRRR! WHAT A WAY TO DIE--
NICE WORK, TORCH--- GUESS THAT ENDS THE FANTASTIC CAREER OF ONE MR. GRIM!
YOU BET IT DOES!
TORCH, WE ALL OWE YOU A TREMENDOUS DEBT--THANK YOU! WE MAY AS WELL GO NOW--GOODBYE!
GOODBYE, GENERAL! IF ANY MORE GRIMS APPEAR, LET US KNOW!
TORCH MEANS KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR ANOTHER GENERAL NUISANCE!
12

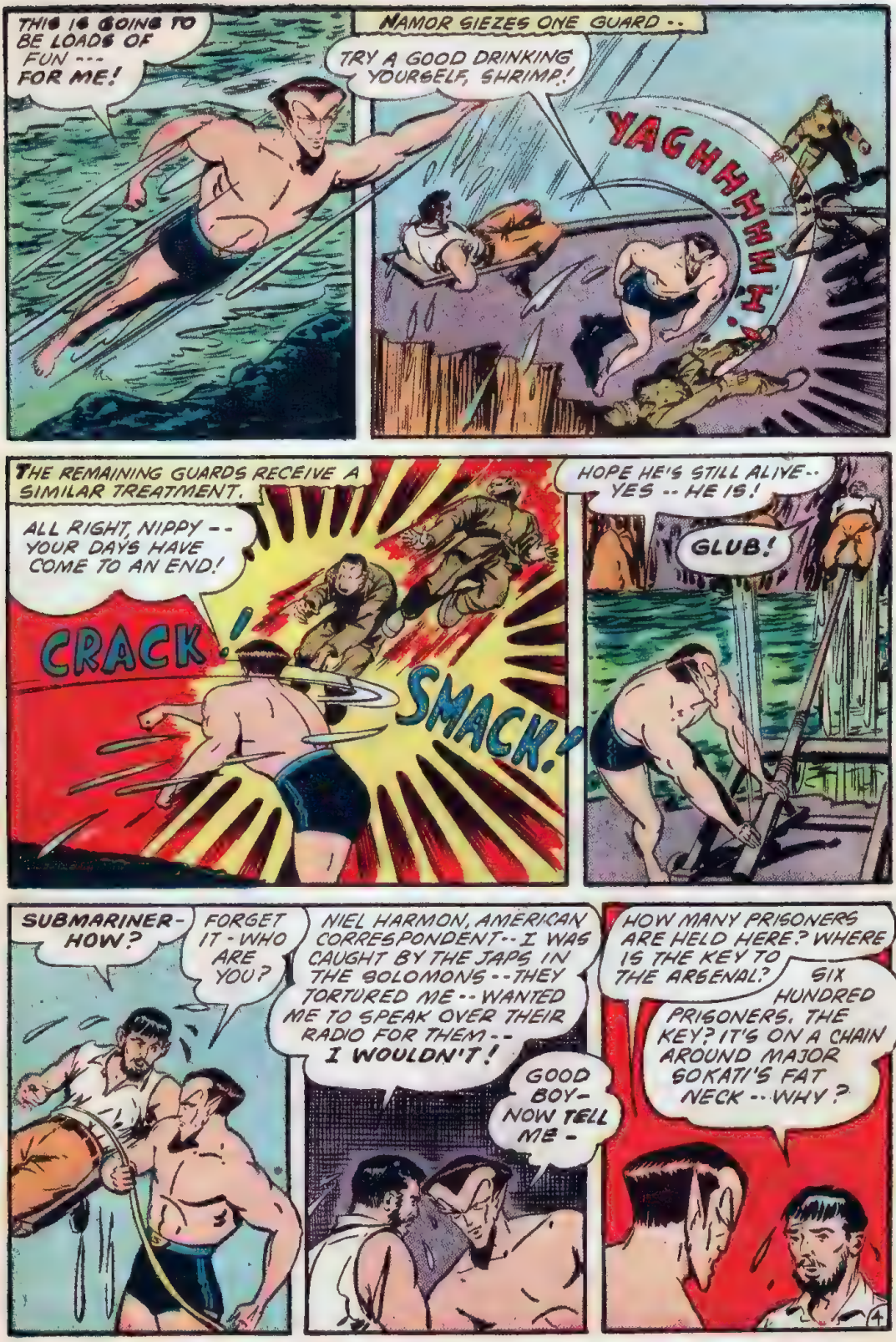
SUB-MARINER

THE JAPS RECEIVE A BLOCK-BUSTER OF TROUBLE WHEN THE **SUB-MARINER** MAKES A DARING ONE-MAN INVASION OF THEIR ISLAND WITH A PLAN THAT HAD THE NIPS COMING AND GOING!

HORROR ON OSITU ISLAND!

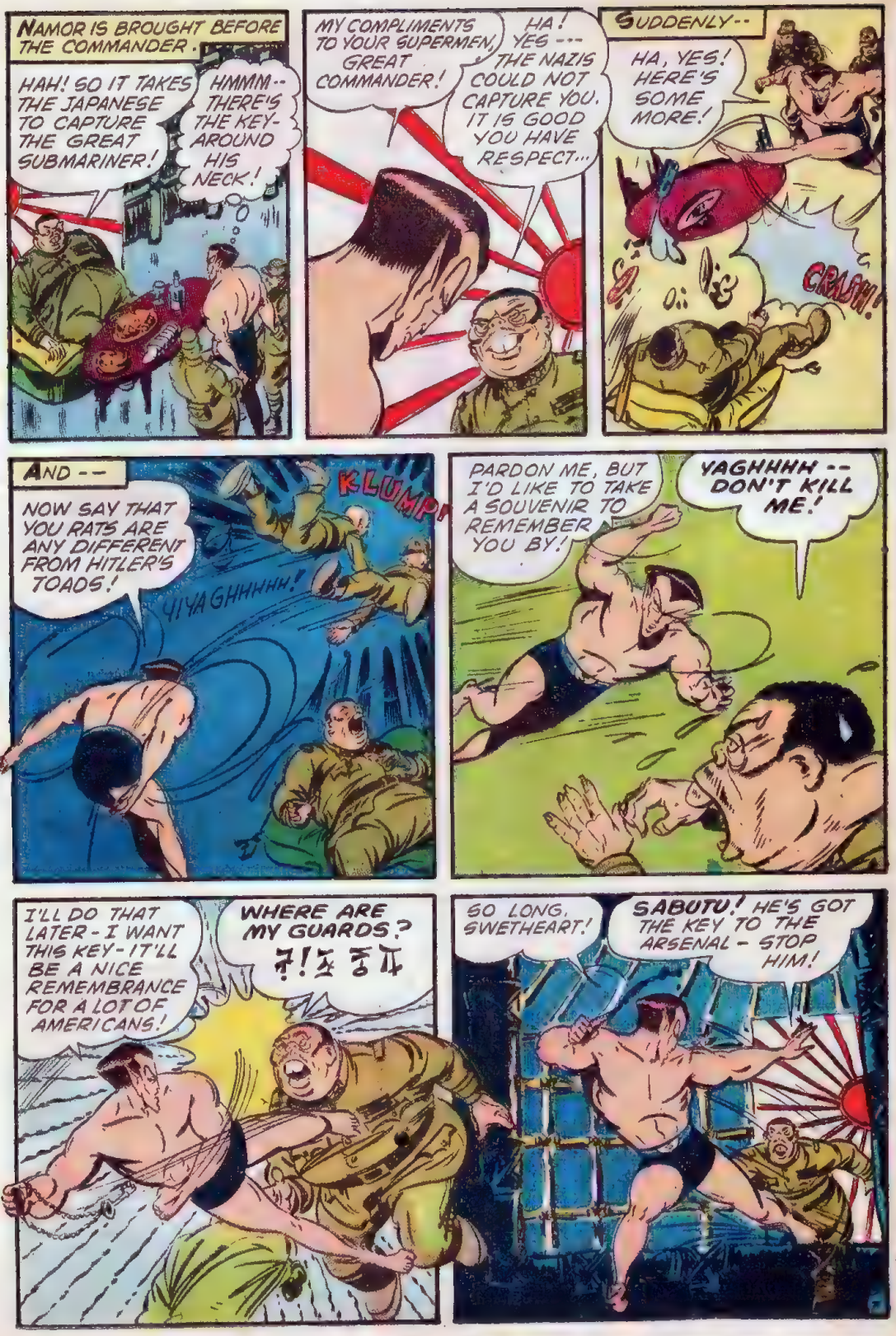
ONE DAY AT NAVAL INTELLIGENCE:
GENTLEMEN, I RECEIVED THIS MESSAGE FROM PRINCE NAMOR!
HOW DOES IT LOOK, SIR?
DECIDEDLY GOOD! PRINCE NAMOR SAYS, "HAVE COMMANDO FORCE RAID OSITU ISLAND TUESDAY AT 00.20 --
SPLENDID, SIR! ER -- COULD WE HAVE MORE INFORMATION, SIR?
NO, I'M SORRY. BUT THE REAL PURPOSE OF THE OPERATION MUST REMAIN A MILITARY SECRET! THAT'S ALL!
AND MEANWHILE-- WILD, UNTENABLE OSITU ISLAND IS THE SITE OF A JAPANESE CONCENTRATION CAMP FOR AMERICAN PRISONERS OF WAR!
THE COMMANDER OF THE CAMP! FAT MAJOR SOKATI!
BRING IN PRISONERS!
HERE IS PRISONER!
AH! GOOD AFTERNOON, NIEL HARMON - PERHAPS YOU HAVE DECIDED TO TALK OVER RADIO AND TELL FOOL AMERICANS HOW WRONG THEY ARE IN WARRING AGAINST US ???
NO- NEVER!
I'M A CAPTURED WAR CORRESPONDENT - YOU CAN'T MAKE ME DO IT!
NO? PERHAPS "WATER-TREATMENT" LOOSENS YOUR TONGUE!

TAKE HIM AWAY!
COME, AMERICAN DOG!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME TO LIE FOR YOU-- NEVER!
NIEL IS LED TO A DUNGEON THROUGH WHICH AN UNDER-GROUND RIVER FLOWS--
YOU TALK SOON!
THE DEVIL I WILL!
NIEL IS PLACED ON A DUNKING RACK--
HA! TIE HIM GOOD!
LET ME LOOSE, YOU HEATHEN CURS!
NO- STOP- GLUBBB!
HEE! YOU STAY UNDERWATER FOR SIXTY SECONDS -- WHEN YOU COME UP YOU TALK! HAH!
SIXTY SECONDS UNDERWATER, BUT---
YOU TALK NOW--- YES?
NO, BLAST YOU - NO!
AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT, THE SUBMARINER IS MAKING HEADWAY UP THE UNDER-GROUND RIVER---
NO NO!
PRINCE NAMOR SEES---
AYE--WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE SCREAMS COMING FROM THE CHAMBER AHEAD!
GO AHEAD- DROWN ME, YOU RATS!
SO-- THE JAPS ARE AT IT AGAIN!
3


THIS IS GOING TO BE LOADS OF FUN --- FOR ME!
NAMOR SIEZES ONE GUARD --
TRY A GOOD DRINKING YOURSELF, SHRIMP!
YAGHHHHH!
THE REMAINING GUARDS RECEIVE A SIMILAR TREATMENT.
ALL RIGHT, NIPPY -- YOUR DAYS HAVE COME TO AN END!
CRACK!
SMACK!
HOPE HE'S STILL ALIVE -- YES -- HE IS!
GLUB!
SUBMARINER - HOW?
FORGET IT - WHO ARE YOU?
NIEL HARMON, AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT -- I WAS CAUGHT BY THE JAPS IN THE SOLOMONS -- THEY TORTURED ME -- WANTED ME TO SPEAK OVER THEIR RADIO FOR THEM -- I WOULDN'T!
GOOD BOY - NOW TELL ME -
HOW MANY PRISONERS ARE HELD HERE? WHERE IS THE KEY TO THE ARSENAL?
SIX HUNDRED PRISONERS. THE KEY? IT'S ON A CHAIN AROUND MAJOR GOKATI'S FAT NECK -- WHY?
4

WELL - I'M GOING TO GET YOU ALL OUT OF THIS RAT-HOLE!
WHAT!? HOW??
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE -- THERE ARE OVER TWO HUNDRED GUARDS ON THE ISLAND--
LEAVE THE DETAILS TO ME - ALL I WANT IS CO-OPERATION FROM YOU AND THE REST OF THE PRISONERS!
WE'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET AWAY FROM THIS PLACE!
GOOD-
WAIT-- GUARDS!
GOOD - I CAN USE THEM!
WHEN I START A BRAWL WITH THEM-- YOU SLIP PAST AND GET BACK TO YOUR BARRACKS. I'LL MEET YOU THERE WITH ARMS. TELL THE OTHERS TO BE READY!
RIGHT. GOOD LUCK, NAMOR!
NAMOR STEPS BOLDLY OUT INTO VIEW --
HEY, YOU HEATHENS-
IT'S THE ACCURSED SUBMARINER!
TAKE THE INFIDEL!
GET SET, NEIL--
RIGHT!

THE JAPS CRASH INTO PRINCE NAMOR --
HERE GOES--
HAYAAAAA --- KILL THE DEMON!
NIEL MADE IT. NOW TO PUT UP A FIGHT ---
HOLD HIM -- I CUT HIS HEAD OFF!
BUT...
YOU MEAN YOU'LL CUT A FINE FIGURE --- THROUGH THE AIR!
AIEEEEEE!
SMACK!
HERE COME REINFORCEMENTS --- GUESS ITS TIME TO LET THEM CAPTURE ME!
BAYUTI!
YAMOTI!
OOF!
GOT TO MAKE THIS LOOK GOOD!
CAPTURE HIM ALIVE -- OUR REWARD WILL BE GREATER!
HAH! HE IS TAKEN!
I KNOW WHEN I'M LICKED!


NAMOR IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE COMMANDER.
HAH! SO IT TAKES THE JAPANESE TO CAPTURE THE GREAT SUBMARINER!
HMMM-- THERE'S THE KEY- AROUND HIS NECK!
MY COMPLIMENTS TO YOUR SUPERMEN, GREAT COMMANDER!
HA! YES --- THE NAZIS COULD NOT CAPTURE YOU. IT IS GOOD YOU HAVE RESPECT...
SUDDENLY--
HA, YES! HERE'S SOME MORE!
CRASH!
AND --
NOW SAY THAT YOU RATS ARE ANY DIFFERENT FROM HITLER'S TOADS!
KLUMP!
YIYAGHHHHH!
PARDON ME, BUT I'D LIKE TO TAKE A SOUVENIR TO REMEMBER YOU BY!
YAGHHHH -- DON'T KILL ME!
I'LL DO THAT LATER - I WANT THIS KEY - IT'LL BE A NICE REMEMBRANCE FOR A LOT OF AMERICANS!
WHERE ARE MY GUARDS?
SO LONG, SWETHEART!
SABUTU! HE'S GOT THE KEY TO THE ARSENAL - STOP HIM!

IT IS THE WATER-DEVIL!
SHOOT HIM!
SURE! LET'S SLUG IT OUT!
AS THE GUN OPENS FIRE, NAMOR LEAPS HIGH INTO THE AIR ---
YOU'LL HAVE TO GET MORE ELEVATION TO SHOOT ME DOWN- TRY AN ACK-ACK!
RA-TA-TA-TA
RA-TA-TA-TA
PARDON ME, CHUMP, BUT I WANT TO PASS!
AYAIIIIII!
THE SEA-PRINCE DOES MORE DAMAGE WITH THE JAP MACHINE GUN THAN THE JAPS THEMSELVES!
THIS IS ANOTHER WAY OF USING THIS GADGET - WATCH CLOSELY!
NOW TO OPEN THAT ARSENAL AND GIVE THE PRISONERS A CHANCE TO FIGHT BACK!
ARSENAL
SECONDS LATER, SUBMARINER HEADS FOR THE PRISONERS QUARTERS CARRYING A LOAD!
ALL I NEED NOW IS A PLANE AND I'D BE A ONE-MAN BLITZKRIEG!
8

HAH-- HOW CONVENIENT- A TRUCK!

CLANG!!!

NAMOR RACES THE MACHINE ACROSS THE CLEARING ...

I HOPE NIEL GOT THROUGH AND HAS THE MEN READY--

THE TRUCK CRASHES THROUGH THE PAPER-THIN WALLS OF THE BARRACKS..

CRASH!

NO TIME TO WASTE!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS- COME AND GET THE ARTILERY!

YIPEE! HE MADE IT! NICE WORK, SUBMARINER!

GOOD BOY, NAMOR- HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU DO IT?

THAT'S A LONG STORY- NO TIME NOW! GRAB A GUN AND PREPARE FOR A BLOODY BATTLE!

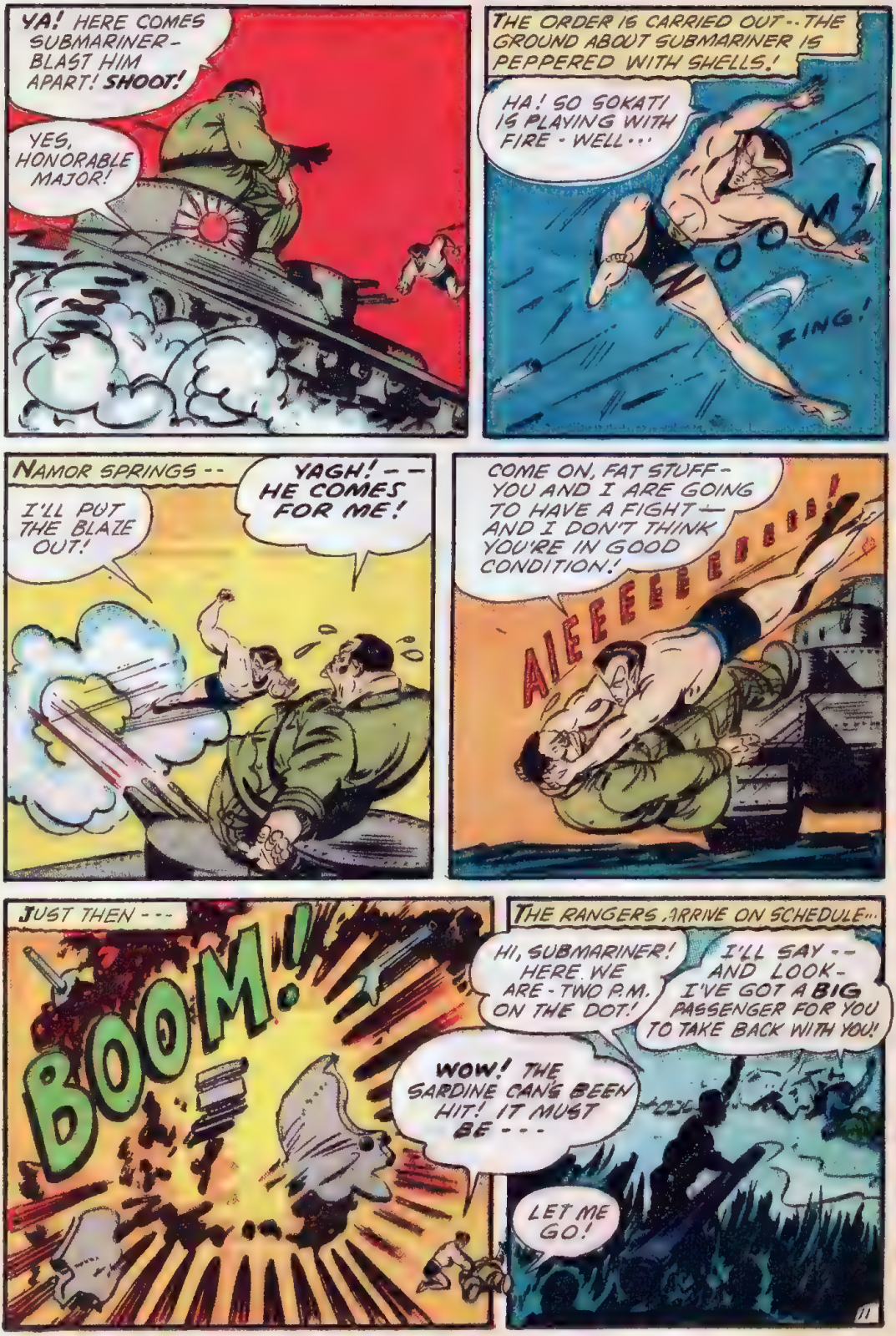
WITH NEW COURAGE AND UNDER NAMOR'S LEADERSHIP, THE MEN GATHER FORCES!

OKAY, MEN-- FREEDOM LIES AHEAD!

WE'LL TEAR THROUGH THOSE JAPS! SAY THE WORD, SUBMARINER!

SKIN 'EM ALIVE, I SAY!

THE JAPS RUSH OUT TO STOP THEM AND MEET INSTANT DEATH!
TAKE THIS, YOU FILTHY TORTURERS!
RA-TA-TA-TA-TA
RA-TA-TA-
WE CAN BREAK THROUGH NOW -- HURRY! MAKE FOR THE BEACH!
THE BEACH-- BUT THEY'LL TRAP US THERE!
NO-YOU'LL SEE- I'M EXPECTING A SURPRISE TO BE WAITING FOR US!
MEANWHILE--
THE TANK -- BRING OUT THE TANK! WE'LL KILL EVERY ONE OF THE AMERICANS!
YES, HONORABLE SOKATI!
AFTER THEM- HURRY! GET SUBMARINER!
YES- YES-
NAMOR'S FORCE REACHES THE BEACH!
LOOK, NAMOR, A TANK!
AND POT-BELLIED SOKATI IS RIDING ON IT!
I'LL MAKE THAT SHINTO-WORSHIPER WISH HE'D NEVER BEEN BORN!
10


YA! HERE COMES SUBMARINER - BLAST HIM APART! SHOOT!
YES, HONORABLE MAJOR!
THE ORDER IS CARRIED OUT -- THE GROUND ABOUT SUBMARINER IS PEPPERED WITH SHELLS!
HA! SO SOKATI IS PLAYING WITH FIRE - WELL...
OOM!
ZING!
NAMOR SPRINGS --
I'LL PUT THE BLAZE OUT!
YAGH! -- HE COMES FOR ME!
COME ON, FAT STUFF - YOU AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE A FIGHT -- AND I DON'T THINK YOU'RE IN GOOD CONDITION!
AIEEEEEEEEEE!
JUST THEN ---
BOOM!!
THE RANGERS ARRIVE ON SCHEDULE...
HI, SUBMARINER! HERE WE ARE - TWO P.M. ON THE DOT!
I'LL SAY -- AND LOOK - I'VE GOT A BIG PASSENGER FOR YOU TO TAKE BACK WITH YOU!
WOW! THE SARDINE CAN'S BEEN HIT! IT MUST BE ---
LET ME GO!

I'M COMMANDER LYNCH IN CHARGE OF THE RAIDING PARTY, PRINCE NAMOR!

HOWDY- THIS BUTTER BALL IS SOKATI. I THINK WASHINGTON WILL LIKE TO SEE HIM!

BUT, THE JAP IS TRUE TO TRADITION...

HO! MAJOR SOKATI CANNOT BE CAPTIVE OF AMERICANS!

I JOIN HONOR--ABLE ANCESTORS BY DYING HONORABLE DEATH!

THE HECK YOU WILL!

SUBMARINER TURNS IN TIME!

YOU AREN'T CHEATING US OF THE CHANCE TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS!

HE'S ALL YOURS, COMMANDER LYNCH! BETTER WATCH HIM!

NICE GOING! I'LL PUT A GUARD ON HIM! GUESS WE CAN LEAVE SOON AS WE'RE SURE ALL INSTALLATIONS HERE HAVE BEEN DESTROYED!

SOCK!

THE TASK FORCE OPENS FIRE AND CLEANS OUT THE JAP NEST ON OSITU ISLAND.

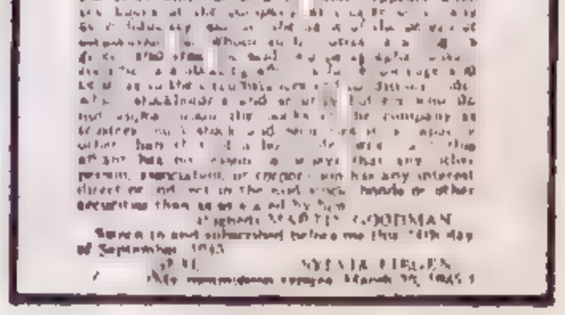
BAROOM! BOOM! BANG!

CRASH!

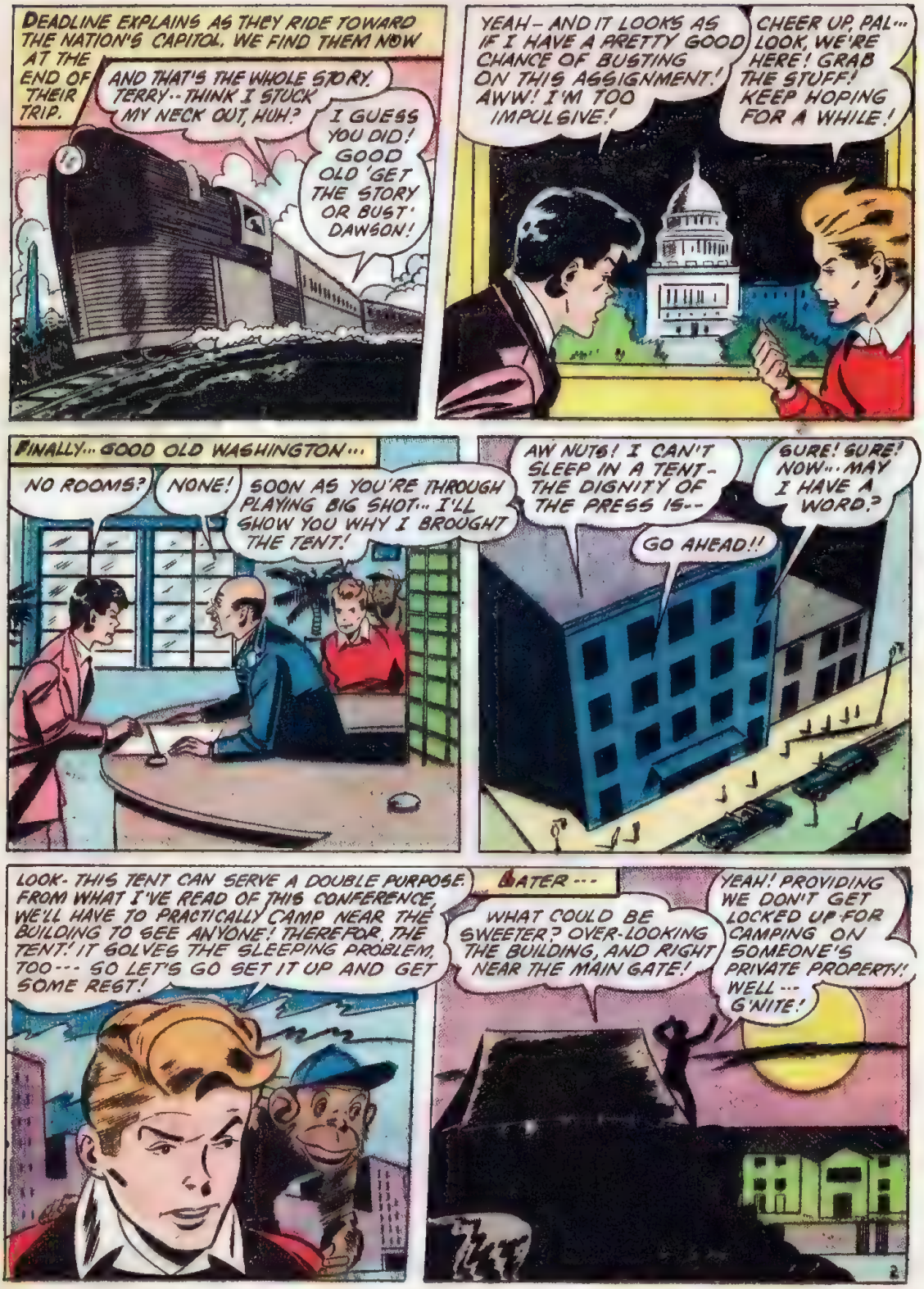
THEN HEADS FOR HOME-- MISSION COMPLETED!

NOT MUCH LEFT OF THAT PLACE, EH?

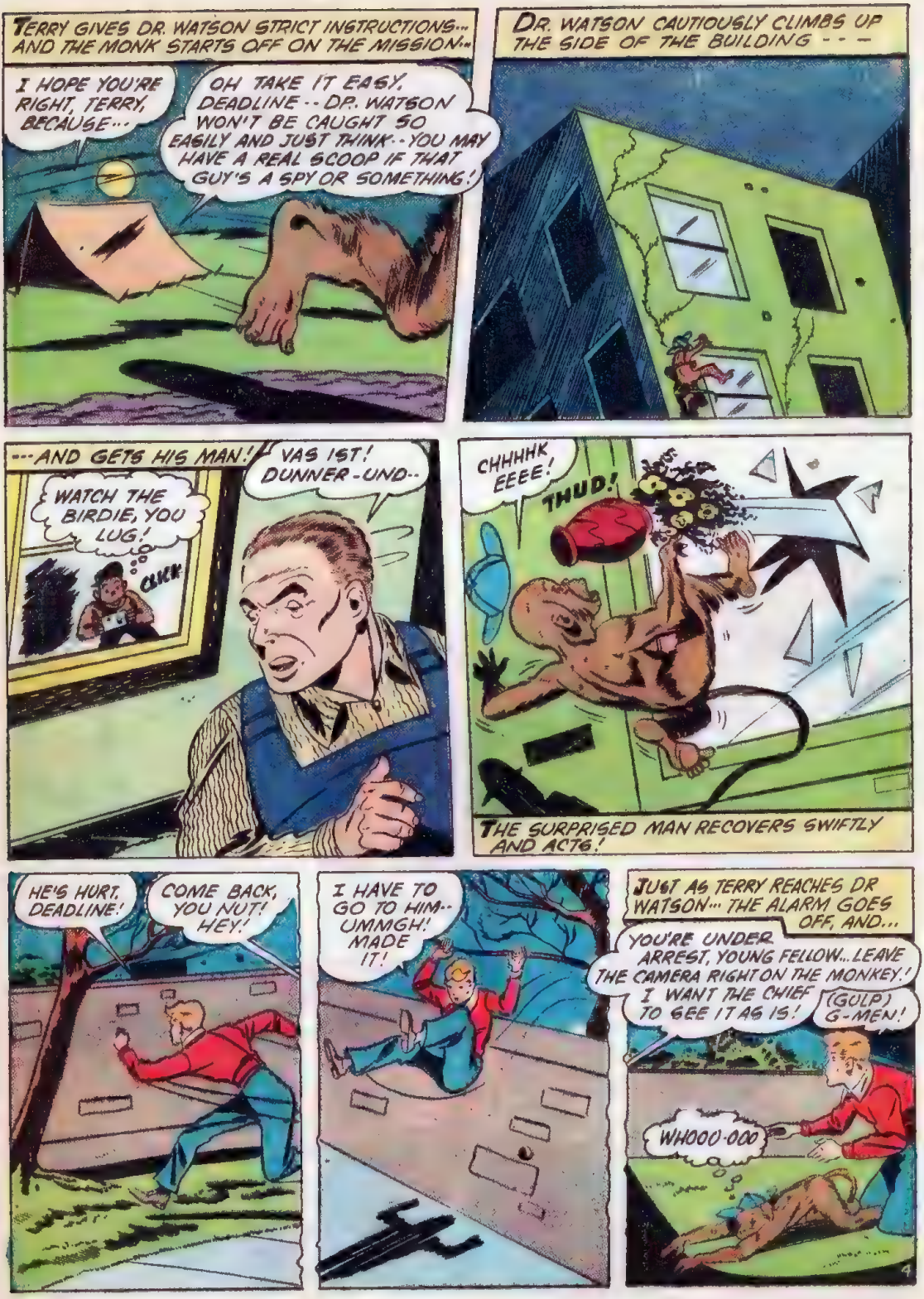
HA! WAIT'LL TOJO HEARS ABOUT THIS-- HIS BEST PRISONERS GONE! YOU SEE THE JAPS USED THIS ISLAND TO HOLD THEIR MOST IMPORTANT CAPTIVES ON!



Terry Vance
The SCHOOL BOY SLEUTH
IT'S A DEAD END CASE, BOSS! I GIVE UP!
LET ME TRY IT, MR. GRANT, MAYBE I CAN..
HA! LISTEN TO THE YOUNG SQUIRT!
EASY, GERT... LOOK, DAWSON, I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT SINCE THESE GENIUSES HAVE GIVEN UP. BUT, IF YOU FAIL, DON'T SHOW YOUR PUSS AROUND THIS OFFICE AGAIN! NOW GET GOING!
OUR STORY OPENS, IN THE CITY ROOM OF THE GLOBE PRESS WHERE THE NEWSPAPER'S ACE REPORTERS HAVE ALL AGREED THAT IT'S QUITE IMPOSSIBLE TO GET A LINE ON THE SECRET POST WAR PLANS CONFERENCE, NOW BEING HELD IN WASHINGTON D.C. HOWEVER DEADLINE DAWSON, TERRY'S CUB REPORTER PAL, DECIDES TO TAKE A CRACK AT THE BIGGEST STORY OF ALL TIMES!
A FEW SECONDS LATER...
HELLO, TERRY? CLIMB INTO YOUR BEST BIB! WE'RE GOING TO WASHINGTON. SEE YOU!
WASHINGTON!?? HEY-(CLICK)
AND, A SHORT TIME AFTER THAT... ON THE WASHINGTON EXPRESS...
WHAT THE DICKENS IS THE TENT FOR? WASHINGTON MIGHT BE BAD BUT...
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER.. FIRST, I WANT YOU TO TO TELL ME HOW YOU GOT INTO THIS THING! C'MON, START TALKING!
CHK - CHK -


DEADLINE EXPLAINS AS THEY RIDE TOWARD THE NATION'S CAPITOL. WE FIND THEM NOW AT THE END OF THEIR TRIP.
AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, TERRY-- THINK I STUCK MY NECK OUT, HUH?
I GUESS YOU DID! GOOD OLD 'GET THE STORY OR BUST' DAWSON!
YEAH- AND IT LOOKS AS IF I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD CHANCE OF BUSTING ON THIS ASSIGNMENT! AWW! I'M TOO IMPULSIVE!
CHEER UP, PAL... LOOK, WE'RE HERE! GRAB THE STUFF! KEEP HOPING FOR A WHILE!
FINALLY... GOOD OLD WASHINGTON...
NO ROOMS?
NONE!
SOON AS YOU'RE THROUGH PLAYING BIG SHOT... I'LL SHOW YOU WHY I BROUGHT THE TENT!
AW NUTS! I CAN'T SLEEP IN A TENT- THE DIGNITY OF THE PRESS IS--
GO AHEAD!!
SURE! SURE! NOW... MAY I HAVE A WORD?
LOOK- THIS TENT CAN SERVE A DOUBLE PURPOSE. FROM WHAT I'VE READ OF THIS CONFERENCE, WE'LL HAVE TO PRACTICALLY CAMP NEAR THE BUILDING TO SEE ANYONE! THEREFOR, THE TENT! IT SOLVES THE SLEEPING PROBLEM, TOO--- SO LET'S GO SET IT UP AND GET SOME REST!
LATER ---
WHAT COULD BE SWEETER? OVER-LOOKING THE BUILDING, AND RIGHT NEAR THE MAIN GATE!
YEAH! PROVIDING WE DON'T GET LOCKED UP FOR CAMPING ON SOMEONE'S PRIVATE PROPERTY! WELL --- G'NITE!

DAYS PASS...
NO ADMITTANCE! BUT...
HEY, THIS ISN'T A BALL GAME YOU'RE COVERING!
...AND STILL DEADLINE HASN'T GOT HIS STORY!
MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP, TERRY!
WHAT? SHH...SAY! I THINK I FINALLY HAVE AN IDEA! LOOK!
WHAT'S COOKIN'?
WELL, I SEE THE BUILDING, BUT WHAT---?
THOSE LIGHTED WINDOWS--THE PATTERN CHANGES EVERY NIGHT ...LIKE A CODE.. ...AND I SEE THE SAME GUY LIGHTING THEM EACH TIME!
I DON'T KNOW...BUT THERE MAY BE SOMETHING TO IT... IF WE ONLY HAD A PICTURE OF THAT FELLOW--
HMM...
WHY HIM? I TAKE A SWELL PICTURE!
WHY NOT STRAP THAT LITTLE CAMERA TO DR. WATSON LIKE YOU USED TO? HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD GET THROUGH THOSE BARS!
THAT'S NO JOKE, PAL! C'MERE, MONK!
OH, BOY.. I'M AN F.B.I. MONKEY!
HOLD ON, CHUM, I WAS ONLY KIDDING... WE COULD GET INTO SERIOUS TROUBLE!
HE'LL ONLY TAKE THE PICTURE I TELL HIM TO! IT'LL BE OKAY!
OKAY--IT'S YOUR NECK TOO! I CAN JUST SEE MYSELF IN A NICE STRIPED SUIT...
3


TERRY GIVES DR. WATSON STRICT INSTRUCTIONS... AND THE MONK STARTS OFF ON THE MISSION...
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, TERRY, BECAUSE...
OH TAKE IT EASY, DEADLINE -- DR. WATSON WON'T BE CAUGHT SO EASILY AND JUST THINK -- YOU MAY HAVE A REAL SCOOP IF THAT GUY'S A SPY OR SOMETHING!
DR. WATSON CAUTIOUSLY CLIMBS UP THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING - - -
---AND GETS HIS MAN!
VAS IST! DUNNER-UND--
WATCH THE BIRDIE, YOU LUG!
CLICK
CHHHHK EEEE!
THUD!
THE SURPRISED MAN RECOVERS SWIFTLY AND ACTS!
HE'S HURT, DEADLINE!
COME BACK, YOU NUT! HEY!
I HAVE TO GO TO HIM-- UMMGH! MADE IT!
JUST AS TERRY REACHES DR WATSON... THE ALARM GOES OFF, AND...
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, YOUNG FELLOW... LEAVE THE CAMERA RIGHT ON THE MONKEY! I WANT THE CHIEF TO SEE IT AS IS!
(GULP) G-MEN!
WHOOO-OOO
4

YIPE! THE F.B.I. HAS THEM! WHAT'LL I DO?-- UH OH HERE THEY COME NOW!
IN THE GOVERNMENT CAR, DR. WATSON WORKS THE CAMERA LOOSE, AND AS THEY PASS DEADLINE ---
CHK --
THE CAMERA! HOLY SMOKES!
DEADLINE DECIDES THE BEST STRATEGY IS A QUICK RETREAT.
I GOTTA DO SOMETHING -- BUT WHAT? GOLLY, WE'LL GET LIFE IF --- I KNOW! I'LL GET HOME AND ASK THE EDITOR - HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!
AFTER A FAST TRAIN RIDE, DEADLINE SPILLS ALL!
--- AND THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED, SIR!
WHAT A MESS YOU KIDS CAN GET US ALL IN --- HMF! I'LL BET YOU DIDN'T EVEN GET THE PICTURE!
I'M NOT SURE, SIR --- BUT HERE'S THE C ---
WHAT? GIMME THAT THING! I'LL DEVELOP THE ROLL MYSELF! --- AND YOU STAY PUT!
A SHORT TIME LATER GRANT EMERGES FROM THE DARK ROOM, AND ---
THEY'RE OKAY --- AND CLEAR, TOO! HERE -- EVERYBODY TAKE ONE AND HUNT THROUGH EVERY FILE AND MORGUE WE'VE GOT!
GREAT!
OKAY, CHIEF!
AN HOUR LATER ---
THIS IS IT! I FOUND WHAT I NEED --- BUT THIS TIME I'M GOING TO KEEP MUM! IT'S MY STORY AND I'M GOING TO KEEP IT THAT WAY! NOW TO GET BACK TO WASHINGTON!

WHILE DEADLINE IS RACING BACK TO THE NATION'S CAPITOL, TERRY IS STILL BEING QUESTIONED ...

BUT I TELL YOU, I DON'T KNOW WHAT BECAME OF THE CAMERA! PLEASE---

OKAY, SONNY BOY, BUT YOU'LL LEARN TO TALK OR YOU'LL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR YEARS, IN A NICE QUIET CELL!

OH, GOSH-- IT'S THE ZOO FOR ME!

DEADLINE FINALLY REACHES THE CONFERENCE BUILDING AND MANAGES TO FIND A WAY IN....

WOW! THIS REAR GATE IS OPEN--NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GO IN AND GET THAT NAZI! I'LL SCOOP THE STORY AND FREE TERRY AT THE SAME TIME!

MAKING HIS WAY UP STAIRS, DEADLINE SPOTS HIS MAN ...

!

THIS STATUE WILL DO THE TRICK!

DEADLINE TAKES CAREFUL AIM ... HOWEVER ...

NICE WORK, CARL!

CRACK!

WE MUST GET RID OF HIM QUICK! DRAG HIM TO THE CAR!

UHH!

A FEW SECONDS LATER, DEADLINE FINDS HIMSELF ON HIS LAST RIDE!

HE KNOWS EVERYTHING, HANS! THIS CLIPPING...!

DESTROY IT NOW-- HE'LL BE NEXT!

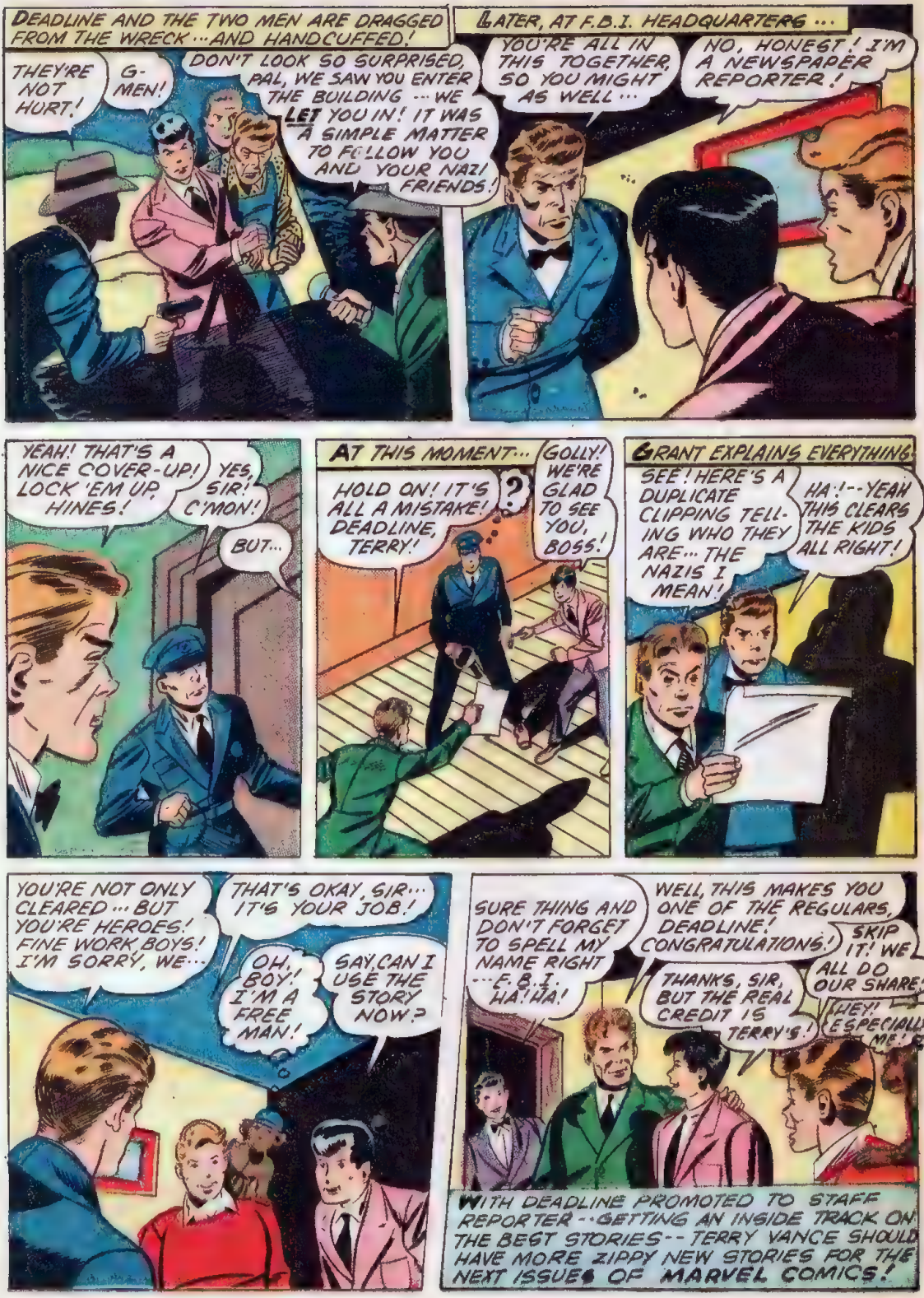
YIPE! WHAT A SPOT! GUESS THIS IS THE END FOR TERRY, TOO... THAT WAS THE ONLY CLIPPING IN THE FILES! OHHH...

THEY SPEED OUT INTO THE COUNTRY--WHEN SUDDENLY--

ACH THOSE LIGHTS!

LOOK OUT!

CRASH!


DEADLINE AND THE TWO MEN ARE DRAGGED FROM THE WRECK ... AND HANDCUFFED!
THEY'RE NOT HURT!
G-MEN!
DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED, PAL, WE SAW YOU ENTER THE BUILDING ... WE LET YOU IN! IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO FOLLOW YOU AND YOUR NAZI FRIENDS!
LATER, AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS ...
YOU'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL ...
NO, HONEST! I'M A NEWSPAPER REPORTER!
YEAH! THAT'S A NICE COVER-UP! LOCK 'EM UP, HINES!
YES, SIR! C'MON!
BUT...
AT THIS MOMENT...
HOLD ON! IT'S ALL A MISTAKE! DEADLINE, TERRY!
?
GOLLY! WE'RE GLAD TO SEE YOU, BOSS!
GRANT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING
SEE! HERE'S A DUPLICATE CLIPPING TELLING WHO THEY ARE... THE NAZIS I MEAN!
HA!--YEAH THIS CLEARS THE KIDS ALL RIGHT!
YOU'RE NOT ONLY CLEARED ... BUT YOU'RE HEROES! FINE WORK, BOYS! I'M SORRY, WE...
THAT'S OKAY, SIR... IT'S YOUR JOB!
OH, BOY! I'M A FREE MAN!
SAY, CAN I USE THE STORY NOW?
SURE THING AND DON'T FORGET TO SPELL MY NAME RIGHT ... F.B.I. HA! HA!
WELL, THIS MAKES YOU ONE OF THE REGULARS, DEADLINE! CONGRATULATIONS!
THANKS, SIR, BUT THE REAL CREDIT IS TERRY'S!
SKIP IT! WE ALL DO OUR SHARE!
HEY! ESPECIALLY ME!
WITH DEADLINE PROMOTED TO STAFF REPORTER--GETTING AN INSIDE TRACK ON THE BEST STORIES--TERRY VANCE SHOULD HAVE MORE ZIPPY NEW STORIES FOR THE NEXT ISSUES OF MARVEL COMICS!

CONTRARY EVIDENCE

NIGHT was filling in the hollows of the hills when Jim brought the amphibian, the Bumblebee, scooting in on the surface of the cove and up to the landing wharf. Untangling his long legs, he slid out, moored the plane and turned up the road to the buildings squatted against the slope of the hills. Lieutenant Craig was standing outside the Administration building and Jim paused at the steps, noting the grim look about the Lieutenant's sharply etched mouth.

"I suppose," the Lieutenant commented, "you saw plenty . . . of nothing. As usual."

Jim Baker hesitated, feeling the muscles in his throat tighten. He admitted, "Nothing is right . . . as usual. When the next convoy goes past—"

Lieutenant Craig's grey eyes swept the expanse of ocean beyond the hooked fingers of the cove. "The Army and Navy are patrolling the coast line. And don't need help. We certainly haven't time to play nurse maid!"

"Any airplane needs repairs once in a while," Jim protested. "And don't get ability mixed up in this. I've got plenty on my log book. Crop dusting and forest-fire look-out. Places where a guy was good or . . . not at all."

Swiftly Jim Baker turned on his heel. The Lieutenant resented the part "civvies" played, partly because he underestimated their importance and because experience hadn't yet proven the private pilots were of real value.

The time Jim's plane had been forced down and repairs had been impossible, was the only instance the Lieutenant remembered. A Coast Guard cutter had brought the Bumblebee back, and it had ever since been a special source of annoyance for Lieutenant Martin Craig, newly appointed to the northern base.

Squaring his shoulders, Jim Baker walked into the tiny village. One of these days he'd give the Lieutenant something else to talk about. Something less . . . annoying.

THE FOLLOWING day Jim took off on his scheduled flight. The Bumblebee was running pretty as a new clock, and Jim concentrated on the wide expanse of ocean beneath him. A convoy would pass any day now, would come by close to the coast here. That meant keeping an extra vigil for lurking subs.

Something caught Jim's attention. Waves were breaking around it gently, lacing it with frothy white. It was large and round, had washed up onto the sand.

Jim knew, even before he set the Bumblebee down to investigate, that the object was a mine. It had been washed up here on the shore, and was still potential death. He made sure of his find, then climbed back into the amphibian and headed back for the base. He'd have to hurry. He took a short cut across a point of land jutting out to sea.

Again his eyes caught sight of something, and this time his breath froze in his throat. A long, slim object lay down there, one end of it across a sand bar on the westward side of a tiny island. There was no mistaking the object.

It was an enemy submarine. Jim could see the swastika marked plainly on its conning tower. At first it seemed deserted of life. Jim circled. . . .

Men appeared suddenly, swarmed out of the conning tower, raced to the guns. Instantly Jim knew they'd seen him first, and had hidden, hoping he'd drop to within range, giving them a chance.

A second later, as he opened the throttle, he saw a puff of flame and smoke from the machine of the sub. Lead came clawing through the cabin of the plane, with a crunching, tearing sound, sending the craft wallowing helplessly over on one wing. Desperately Jim fought for control, brought the Bumblebee back on an even keel, dived her sharply. He opened the throttle wide and the ship vibrated to the exertion of her motor, roared down, then pulled out sharply as Jim eased back on the control, bringing her nose up again.

Hedge-hopping was old stuff. The ridge was right before him. To all appearances, he was about to crash. Next second he lifted the Bumblebee sharply and zoomed over to safety.

Twisting in his seat, he saw that the ship had been peppered. Apparently no serious damage had resulted, until he tried to reach the base by radio, and discovered the set was temporarily dead.

For a second something cold wrapped itself around Jim. He could reach the base in about forty-five minutes. But he knew the tide was coming in, and by the time he got back and made a report and bombers were sent out, the sub would be floated and then escape. Evidently she was grounded on a sand bar, where they had been lying, waiting for the convoy. And Jim had no equipment to fight back, unless—

EVENING was coming in with the tide. Jim brought the Bumblebee around and headed back, skirting the island and heading on up the coast. It was almost dark by now and he had some difficulty finding what he was looking for.

The tide was coming in fast. The mine, washed up on the sand, was half submerged when Jim brought the ship down. Evidently the sub had been planting them along the coast, before launching her own deadly attack. How many others there might be, Jim did not know. If he worked fast . . .

It was ticklish getting a line through the eye of the mine. It was more than ticklish towing it gently out into deeper water. If he slipped, if the mine made contact with any part of the amphibian, it would be the end of this mission. Carefully Jim snubbed the line around the struts between the pontoons, drew the free end into the cabin. Once more he slid his long body behind the controls. With the rope secured inside, he gunned the motor. The Bumblebee moved forward sluggishly. If this didn't work, if the ship nosed over into the water . . .

Awkwardly he got off with his precious, death-dealing cargo slung beneath the plane. It was hanging just far enough below to be out of reach of the pontoons. All he had to do was release the rope here in the cabin!

THERE was just enough light to see the sub lying there across the bar. The tide had come in and by the froth at her stern, Jim knew her motors were already turning. A little longer and she would have escaped.

Jim gritted his teeth and came in low. Perhaps they thought he could not see them. It was so dark that he could make out only the black length of her hull lying there. If they opened fire and hit the mine . . .

Opening the throttle, Jim tilted the nose of the Bumblebee down. Sweat moistened his hands as he clenched the controls, peering out and down. He was very close now, very close—

Gun fire ripped out suddenly. He could see the flame licking from the snouts of the sub's guns, could hear even through the rumble of the prop the dull report of the shots. Doggedly Jim came in. If this didn't work; if he failed, they'd get off the bar and be free to prey on the next convoy going past—

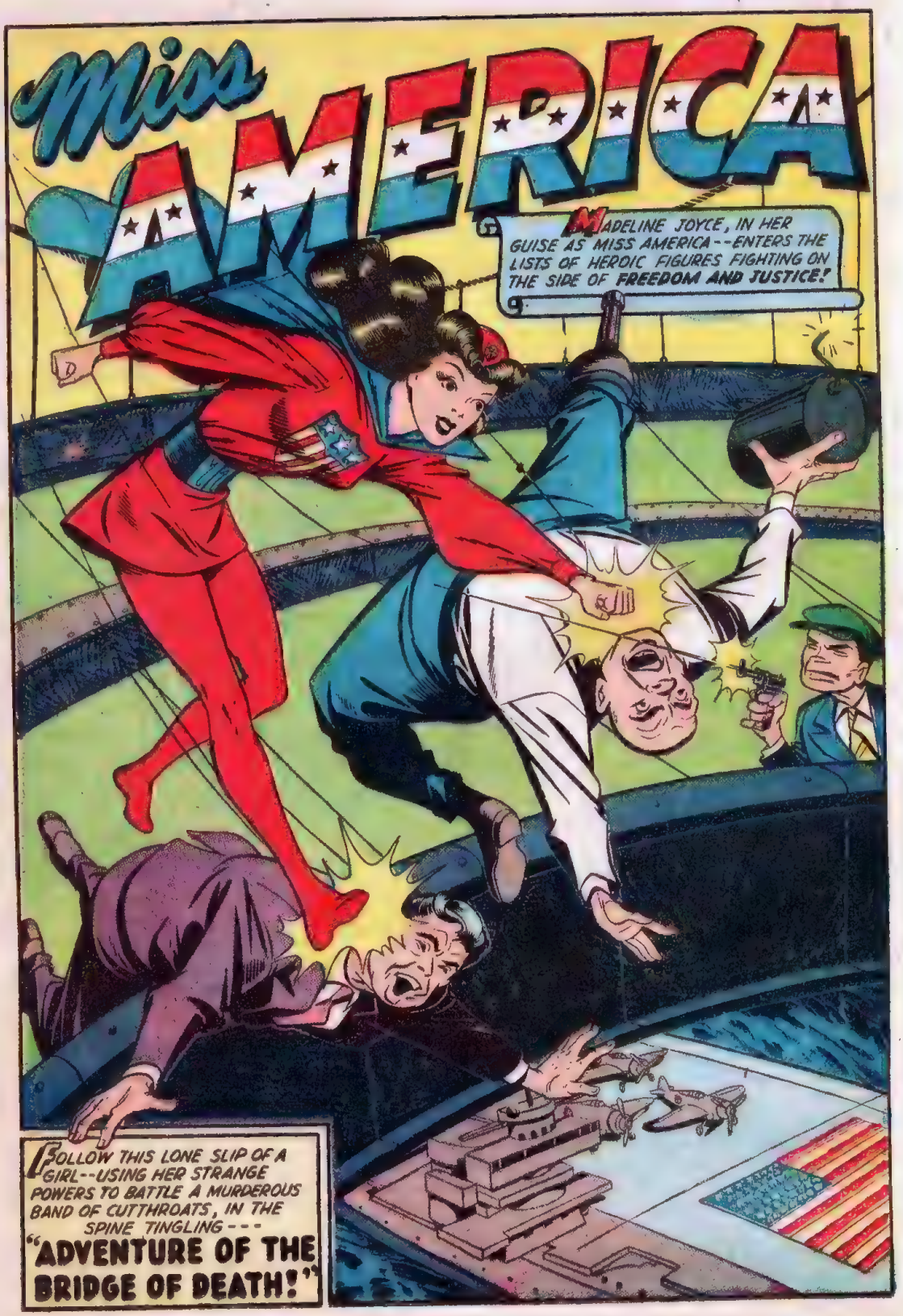
The distance seemed right and Jim released the rope, shoved the Bumblebee into a steep, furious climb. The throttle was clear open, the motor roaring. He was peering back and down—

A LIVID flash of light lit up the island and the water, painted the conning tower of the sub a brilliant orange. The smash of the explosion, the rush of air flung the Bumblebee savagely, twisting her over on one wing. It had been a direct hit. As Jim brought the Bumblebee under control and circled, he saw fire pouring out of the twisted side of the sub, fire and smoke that billowed up into the night sky like a tremendous mushroom, black and towering angrily.

The sub was done for. That much Jim Baker knew for sure. He circled once more. There was no answering gun fire this time. The sub's decks and conning tower were a twisted mass of wreckage. No human could have lived through that.

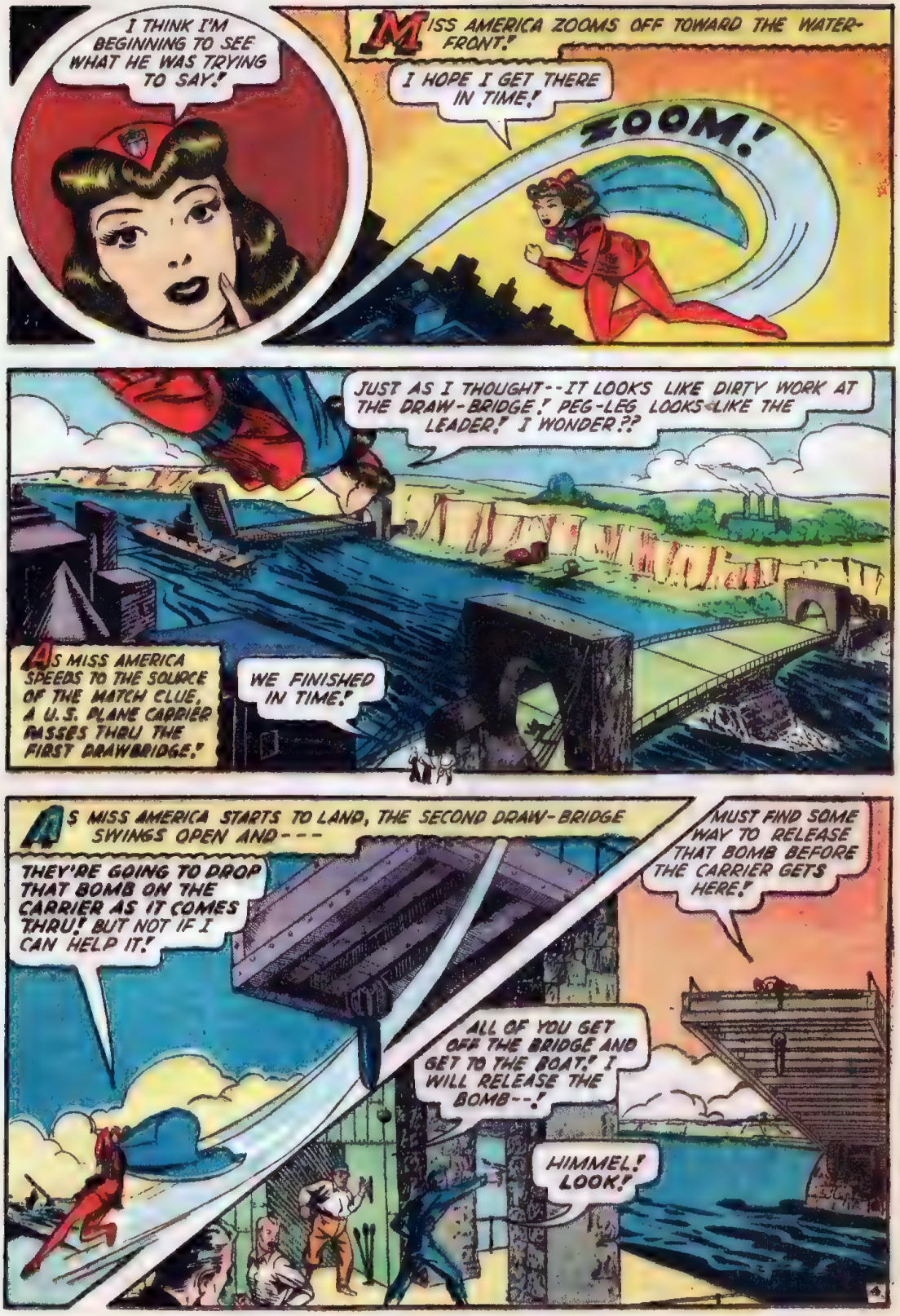
Jim headed back for the base. He wouldn't mind reporting this to the Lieutenant.

THE END

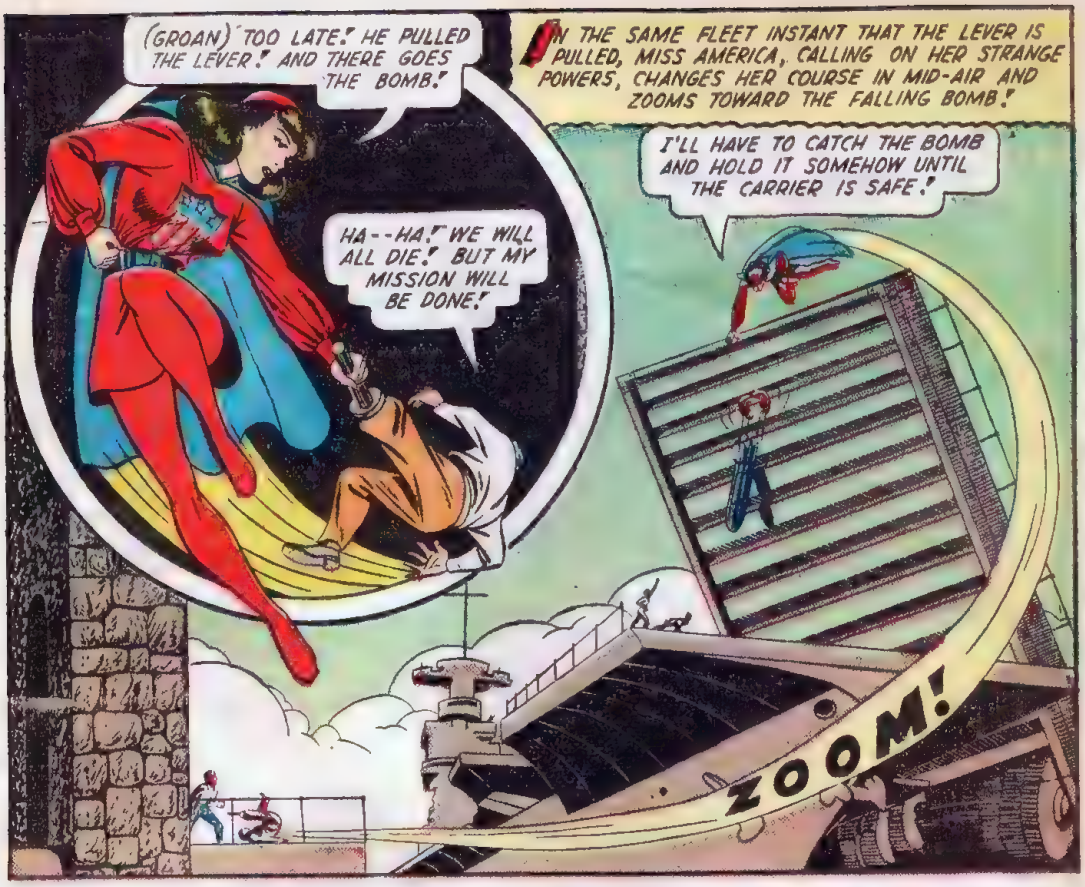

Miss AMERICA
MADELINE JOYCE, IN HER GUISE AS MISS AMERICA--ENTERS THE LISTS OF HEROIC FIGURES FIGHTING ON THE SIDE OF FREEDOM AND JUSTICE!
FOLLOW THIS LONE SLIP OF A GIRL--USING HER STRANGE POWERS TO BATTLE A MURDEROUS BAND OF CUTTHROATS, IN THE SPINE TINGLING---
"ADVENTURE OF THE BRIDGE OF DEATH!"

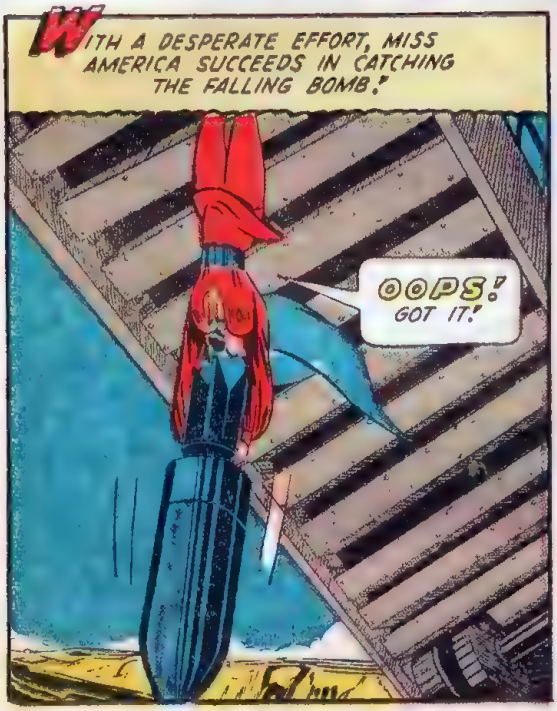
MADELINE JOYCE ON HER WAY TO MEET HER UNCLE, MEETS ADVENTURE IN SHADOWY, DESERTED STREETS OF THE WATERFRONT IN OUR OWN TEEMING METROPOLIS---
I WONDER IF I'M GOING RIGHT? UNCLE JIM SAID IT WAS NEAR THE NAVY YARD! OH! OH! THAT CAR DELIBERATELY RAN UP ON THE SIDEWALK!
HEY--YOU--STOP--(TWEET!)
SPLAT!
AFTER THEM, MISS! A HIT AND RUN DRIVER!
WE MIGHTN'T CATCH THEM! TOO MUCH OF A START!
I HIT A TIRE!
GOOD! I GOT THE POLICEMAN!
THE COLD BLOODED MURDERERS! THAT'S TWO THEY'VE KILLED!
MISS AMERICA WILL TAKE OVER! THE KILLERS MUST PAY!
AFTER A LIGHTNING CHANGE, MADELINE AS MISS AMERICA, USES HER STRANGE POWERS AND ZOOMS INTO THE AIR!
NOW TO STOP THAT CAR! AH! I SEE IT--- IT'S COMING TO A STOP!
ZOOM!
2

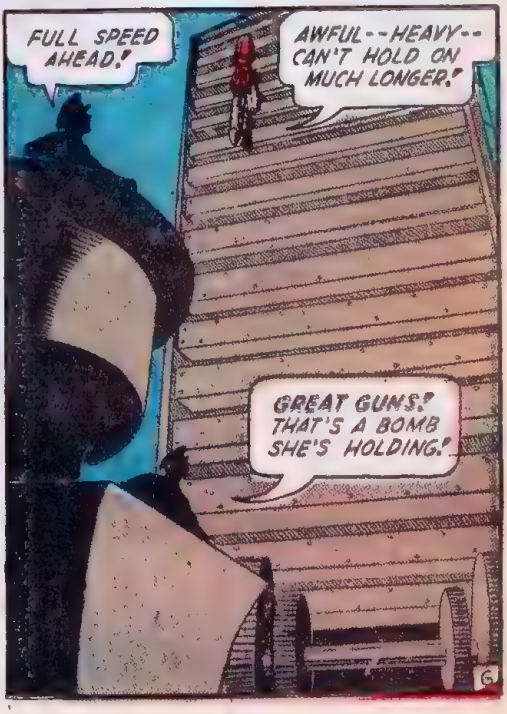
DOWN SWOOPS THE AVENGING FIGURE TO STRIKE TERROR INTO THE CRAVEN-HEARTED KILLERS TRYING TO ESCAPE!
ZOOM!
YAIH-EE!
HIMMEL!
NAZIS?
MISS AMERICA SWEEPS UP THE FLEEING NAZIS--AND---
ZOOM
--ZOOMS THRU THE AIR---
ZOOM!
AND BACK TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME!
ZOOM!
HERE ARE THE KILLERS!
HOLY GOSH! IT'S MISS AMERICA!
WE FOUND THESE MATCHES WHEN WE GOT HERE! LOOKS AS IF THE DEAD MAN WAS TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING!
HMMM? I WONDER?
3

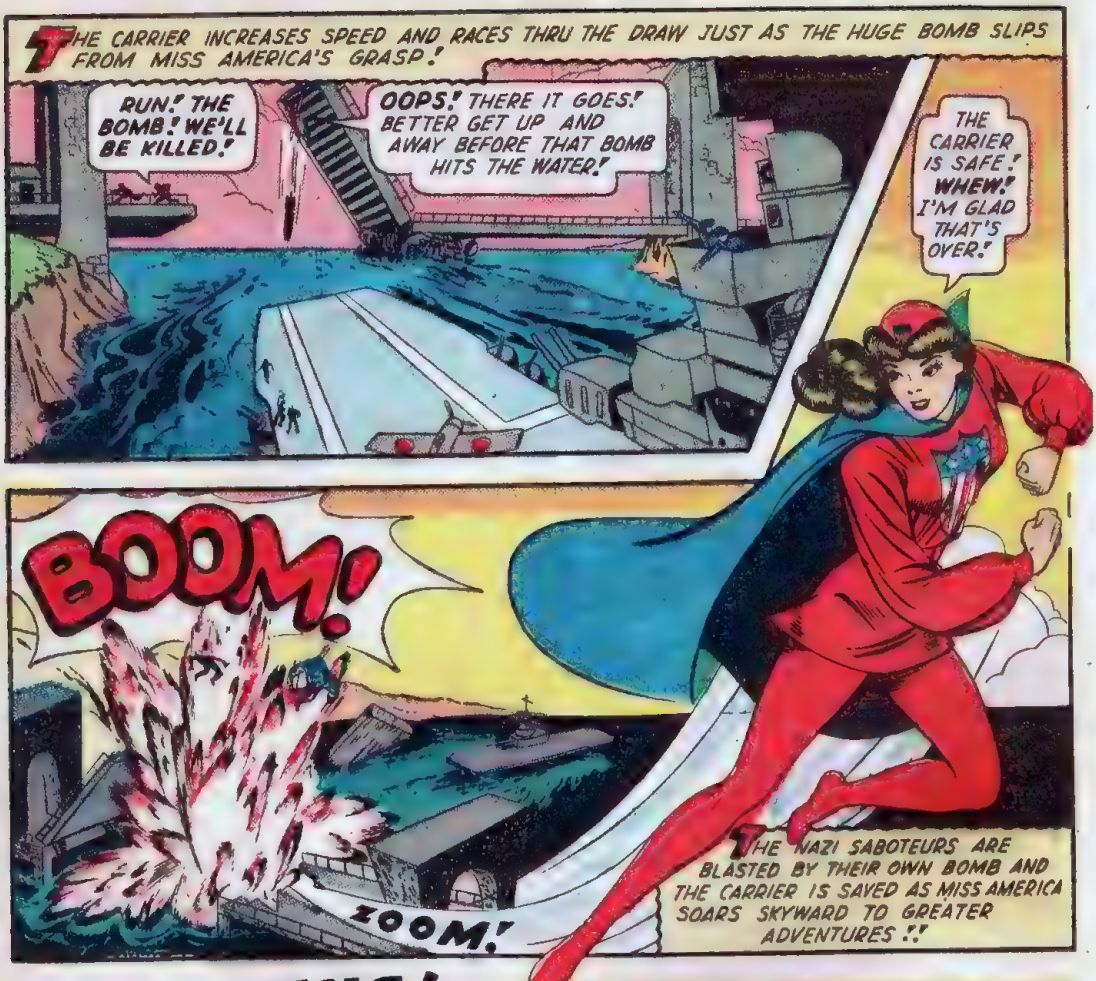

I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO SEE WHAT HE WAS TRYING TO SAY!
MISS AMERICA ZOOMS OFF TOWARD THE WATER-FRONT!
I HOPE I GET THERE IN TIME!
ZOOM!
JUST AS I THOUGHT--IT LOOKS LIKE DIRTY WORK AT THE DRAW-BRIDGE! PEG-LEG LOOKS LIKE THE LEADER! I WONDER??
AS MISS AMERICA SPEEDS TO THE SOURCE OF THE MATCH CLUE, A U.S. PLANE CARRIER PASSES THRU THE FIRST DRAWBRIDGE!
WE FINISHED IN TIME!
AS MISS AMERICA STARTS TO LAND, THE SECOND DRAW-BRIDGE SWINGS OPEN AND---
THEY'RE GOING TO DROP THAT BOMB ON THE CARRIER AS IT COMES THRU! BUT NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
MUST FIND SOME WAY TO RELEASE THAT BOMB BEFORE THE CARRIER GETS HERE!
ALL OF YOU GET OFF THE BRIDGE AND GET TO THE BOAT! I WILL RELEASE THE BOMB--!
HIMMEL! LOOK!

OH--OH! LOOKS AS IF I'LL HAVE TO DISPOSE OF THESE RATS FIRST!
HURRY! WHEN SHE LANDS, GET HER! SHE WAS TRYING TO LOOSE THE BOMB BEFORE THE CARRIER WAS IN POSITION!
I'LL FIX THE MECHANISM SO THAT THE BOMB DROPS ON THE END OF THE CARRIER! THAT WILL GIVE YOU TIME TO KILL THAT MEDDLING FEMALE AND GET OFF THE BRIDGE!
THE ONE-LEGGED LEADER DOESN'T RECKON WITH THE FURY OF MISS AMERICA'S ATTACK!
ZOOM!
OUCH!
HAVE TO MAKE SHORT WORK OF THESE SNAKES! THAT CARRIER IS GETTING TOO CLOSE!
OOF!
HA-HA-HA! NOTHING CAN STOP ME NOW!
THIS IS TAKING LONGER THAN IT SHOULD --- OOPS! THE PEG-LEG LEADER IS ABOUT TO RELEASE THAT BOMB!
5.


(GROAN) TOO LATE! HE PULLED THE LEVER! AND THERE GOES THE BOMB!
HA--HA! WE WILL ALL DIE! BUT MY MISSION WILL BE DONE!
IN THE SAME FLEET INSTANT THAT THE LEVER IS PULLED, MISS AMERICA, CALLING ON HER STRANGE POWERS, CHANGES HER COURSE IN MID-AIR AND ZOOMS TOWARD THE FALLING BOMB!
I'LL HAVE TO CATCH THE BOMB AND HOLD IT SOMEHOW UNTIL THE CARRIER IS SAFE!
ZOOM!


WITH A DESPERATE EFFORT, MISS AMERICA SUCCEEDS IN CATCHING THE FALLING BOMB!
OOPS! GOT IT!


FULL SPEED AHEAD!
AWFUL--HEAVY--CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER!
GREAT GUNS! THAT'S A BOMB SHE'S HOLDING!


THE CARRIER INCREASES SPEED AND RACES THRU THE DRAW JUST AS THE HUGE BOMB SLIPS FROM MISS AMERICA'S GRASP!
RUN! THE BOMB! WE'LL BE KILLED!
OOPS! THERE IT GOES! BETTER GET UP AND AWAY BEFORE THAT BOMB HITS THE WATER!
THE CARRIER IS SAFE! WHEW! I'M GLAD THAT'S OVER!
BOOM!
ZOOM!
THE NAZI SABOTEURS ARE BLASTED BY THEIR OWN BOMB AND THE CARRIER IS SAVED AS MISS AMERICA SOARS SKYWARD TO GREATER ADVENTURES!!

GOOD NEWS! WIN $100.00 IN CASH PRIZES!

PRIZES

FIRST $50.00

SECOND $25.00

THIRD $10.00

NEXT FIFTEEN OF $1.00

TOTAL $100.00

It's Easy!

SIMPLY WRITE A LETTER TELLING US WHAT YOU LIKE OR DISLIKE IN MARVEL COMIC MAGAZINE!

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WRITE NUMBERS IN CIRCLES OF YOUR FAVORITE CHARACTERS IN THE ORDER IN WHICH EACH CHARACTER APPEALS TO YOU FROM FIRST TO SIXTH PLACE! A LETTER MUST ACCOMPANY YOUR SELECTION!

LETTERS MUST BE IN BEFORE JANUARY... 25TH. WRITE NOW! YOU MAY BE THE WINNER!

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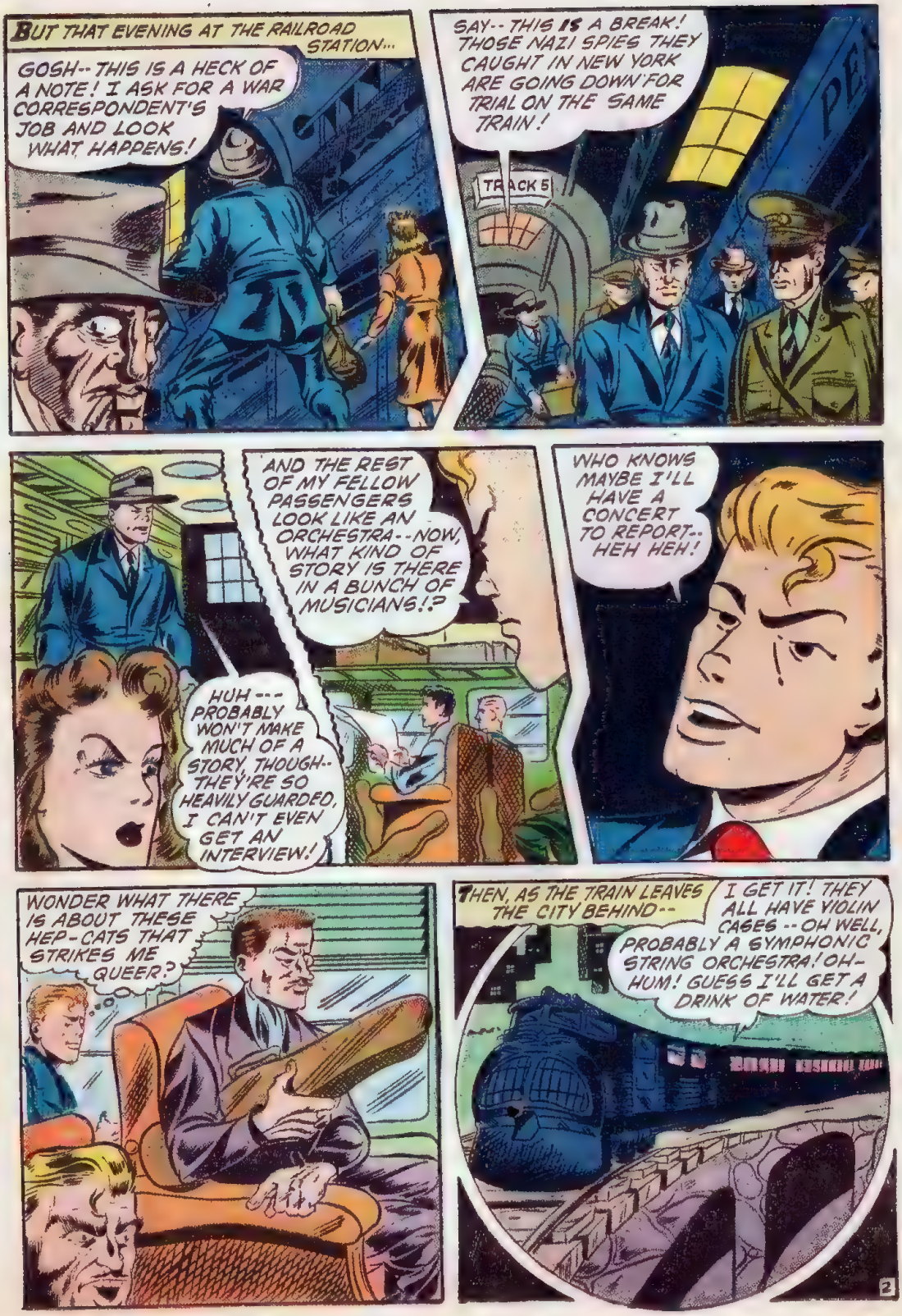
- SUB-MARINER ○
- THE ANGEL ○
- HUMAN TORCH ○
- MISS AMERICA ○
- THE PATRIOT ○

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO MARVEL COMICS 350 5TH AVE. NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

THE PATRIOT
THE CITY EDITOR NOTIFIES JEFF OF HIS PROMOTION...
HERE'S YOUR TICKET, JEFF-- YOU TAKE THE EVENING TRAIN.
AW, CHIEF --HAVE A HEART! WHO'LL COVER YOUR BIG ACTION STORIES IF YOU STICK ME DOWN IN WASHINGTON ON CONFERENCES?
JEFF MACE, THE PATRIOT, BECOMES A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT MUCH AGAINST HIS WISHES-- BUT HE FINDS THAT OUR CAPITOL CAN BE A VERY EXCITING PLACE!


BUT THAT EVENING AT THE RAILROAD STATION...
GOSH--THIS IS A HECK OF A NOTE! I ASK FOR A WAR CORRESPONDENT'S JOB AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENS!
SAY--THIS IS A BREAK! THOSE NAZI SPIES THEY CAUGHT IN NEW YORK ARE GOING DOWN FOR TRIAL ON THE SAME TRAIN!
TRACK 5
AND THE REST OF MY FELLOW PASSENGERS LOOK LIKE AN ORCHESTRA--NOW, WHAT KIND OF STORY IS THERE IN A BUNCH OF MUSICIANS!?
HUH--- PROBABLY WON'T MAKE MUCH OF A STORY, THOUGH-- THEY'RE SO HEAVILY GUARDED, I CAN'T EVEN GET AN INTERVIEW!
WHO KNOWS MAYBE I'LL HAVE A CONCERT TO REPORT-- HEH HEH!
WONDER WHAT THERE IS ABOUT THESE HEP-CATS THAT STRIKES ME QUEER?
THEN, AS THE TRAIN LEAVES THE CITY BEHIND--
I GET IT! THEY ALL HAVE VIOLIN CASES--OH WELL, PROBABLY A SYMPHONIC STRING ORCHESTRA! OH-HUM! GUESS I'LL GET A DRINK OF WATER!
2

THINK I'LL SLIDE INTO THE MEN'S LOCKER FOR A SMOKE--
WHEN JEFF LEAVES ONE OF THE MUSICIANS GIVE A SIGNAL...
NOW WE ACT-- GET READY!
JA, HERR HAUPTNER!
OUT MIT DER GUNS!
JAWOHL! VE PLAY MUSIC MIT OUR VIOLINS!
PASSENGERS WILL PLEASE BE QUIET!
YIII! NAZIS!
AND KEEP QUIET OR YOU DIE!
OH! OH!
HAUPTNER PULLS THE EMERGENCY AIR BRAKES OF THE TRAIN- BRINGING IT TO A SCREECHING STOP!
SCREEECHH!!!
THE TRAIN COMES TO A VIOLENT STOP AND JEFF IS CAUGHT OFF BALANCE - - -
UH-H- WOW! WHY THE SUDDEN STOP?
3

JEFF LOOKS OUT OF THE WINDOW AND SEES ···
GOOD GOGH ALMIGHTY! WHO ARE THEY-- LOOKS LIKE A JUNIOR ARMY! HEY-- THOSE SPIES IN THE NEXT CAR ···
MACH SCHNELL, LUDWIG!
JEFF MACE STRIPS OFF HIS CIVILIAN ATTIRE - - -
GUESS THE PATRIOT HAD BETTER GET BUSY--THIS IS A RESCUE JOB-- THAT LOOKS AS IF IT HAS A GOOD CHANCE OF SUCCEEDING!
AND OUTSIDE--
THERE ARE THE GUARDS-- GET THEM!
STAND ASIDE AND LET US THROUGH, YANKEE FOOLS!
NOT ON YOUR TIN-TYPE! DRAW AND FIRE, MEN!
BUT-- THE NAZIS HAVE THE DRAW--
NOW WE FREE OUR COMRADS!
DIE, SCHWEIN!
YAGHHAGHH!
AS THE NAZI GUNS BLAST, A GRIM SENTINAL OF JUSTICE LEAPS TOWARD THE DOOR ···
UH-OH! GUN-PLAY! HITLER'S LITTLE BOYS HAVE BEEN BUSY--

TOO BAD -- THOSE CENSORED NAZIS!

MIND IF I BORROW THESE GRENADES, SOLDIER?

OH -- PATRIOT -- NO-O--G-IVE THEM A DOSE OF JUSTICE, SIR! OHHH!!

THE FUN'S OVER BOYS..

ACH! DER PATRIOT! OPEN FIRE!

YOU'RE WASTING BULLETS, DOPEY.. OUT OF MY WAY!

OWW!

THE PATRIOT FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH TO HAUPTNER --

YI! YI!

OKAY, HEAD RAT -- CALL OFF YOUR BOYS OR YOU'LL SEE YOUR REAL BOSS!

OHHH!!

CRACK!

I GET HIM, HERR HAUPTNER.. HEIL HITLER!

HIMMEL!

THE NAZI THROWS WELL -- PATRIOT IS OUT! HAUPTNER RELEASES THE SPIES.

GOOD VORK! NOW VE RUN TO DER HIGHWAY WHERE DER GETAWAY CARS ARE WAITING!

GOOT ... UND FOR DIS DIGGRACE TO OUR HONOR, DER AMERICANERS VILL PAY!

JEFF RECOVERS QUICKLY --

WOW -- SOME CLOUT! HEY, THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

HEADING TOWARD THE HIGHWAY -- OH-OH! GETAWAY CARS WAITING FOR THEM!

PATRIOT SPRINTS AND CATCHES THE FLEEING NAZIS!

YAWH!

GUESS THIS 'LL KEEP YOUR MOUTH CLOSED!

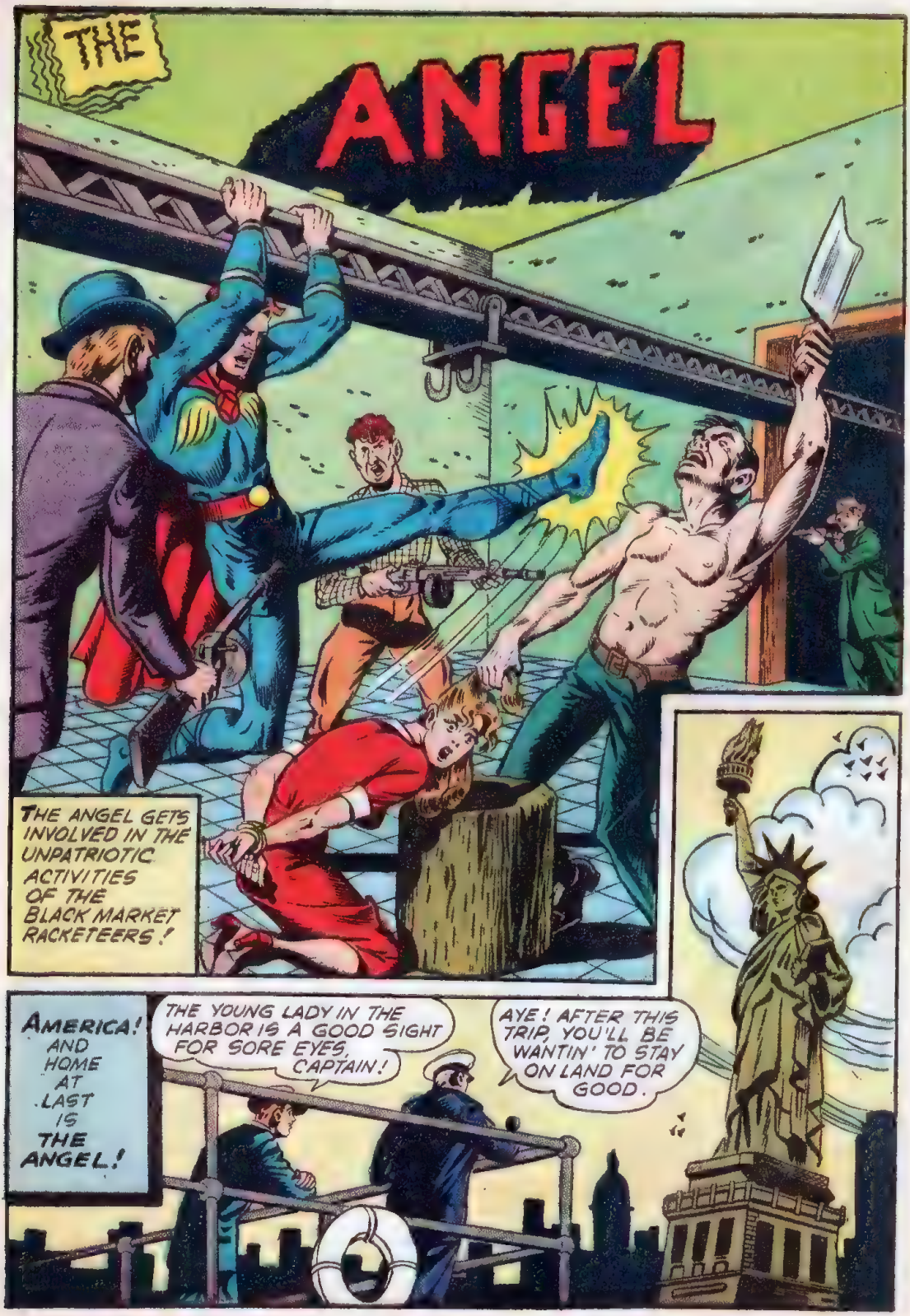
YOWWW!

HURRY... DER PATRIOT GOT FRITZ! VE CANNOT VAIT -- GET GOING!

ACH -- JUST IN TIME!

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY -- I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!

HEY--I ALMOST FORGOT THIS GRENADE! HOPE I CAN REACH THEM--
JEFF RACES AFTER THE CARS AND, CLOSING IN, HEAVES THE GRENADE!
I'VE GOT TO HIT THE LEAD CAR--- THERE YOU GO!
A PERFECT THROW--
YOW!
BOOM!
THE SECOND CAR CAREENS THROUGH THE EXPLODING WRECK!
CRASH!
PERFECT JUSTICE.. THEY'RE ALL DEAD!
I GUESS MY WORK IS DONE -- NOW TO GET BACK INTO THE TRAIN WITHOUT LETTING ANY ONE SEE ME AS THE PATRIOT!
JEFF SUCCESSFULLY UNDETECTED!
SAY, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? SUCH EXCITEMENT-- THE PATRIOT.. SABOTEURS.. GOSH!
I WAS KNOCKED COLD WHEN THE TRAIN STOPPED-- BAD BUMP! WHAT HAPPENED?
YOU'LL SEE MORE OF THE PATRIOT IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS --- ON THE STANDS IN A MONTH!


THE
ANGEL
THE ANGEL GETS INVOLVED IN THE UNPATRIOTIC ACTIVITIES OF THE BLACK MARKET RACKETEERS!
AMERICA! AND HOME AT LAST IS THE ANGEL!
THE YOUNG LADY IN THE HARBOR IS A GOOD SIGHT FOR SORE EYES, CAPTAIN!
AYE! AFTER THIS TRIP, YOU'LL BE WANTIN' TO STAY ON LAND FOR GOOD.

THE SHIP DOCKS AND--

SO LONG, CAPTAIN! THANKS FOR EVERYTHING.

IT WAS A PLEASURE INDEED.

DON'T MENTION IT, ANGEL

AND NOW THE FIRST THING I WANT IS A NICE, THICK JUICY AMERICAN HAMBURGER ... AH!

OD LINE

NICK'S RESTAURANT

MENU

SPECIAL

BUSBOY WANTED

THIS PLACE WILL DO.

A HAMBURGER -- RARE ... PLENTY OF ONIONS!

MENU

SUDDENLY...

OHHH - I FEEL FAINT.

OW-W -- MY STOMACH!

OHHH!

AGHH!

GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT'S GOING ON?

THE FOOD'S POISONED!

GOOD GRIEF!

HEAVENS!

NICK POULIS, THE PROPRIETOR, IS AGHAST..

DOMINIKUS! MY CUSTOMERS -- MY POOR CUSTOMERS!

THERE'S THE BOSS! HE SHOULD BE SUED FOR SERVING ROTTEN FOOD!

NO, NO! THAT IS A LIE!

YOU DID THIS! YOU DONE IT JOOST BECAUSE ...

GETTING TOUGH, EH?

SHADDUP!

I'LL SHUT YOU UP FOR GOOD!

HEY... CUT IT!...

MUSTN'T KICK A MAN WHEN HE'S DOWN!

OH!

NOW... WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, MEESTER!

WHAT MADE YOU ACCUSE HIM?
BECAUSE HE'SA BLACK MARKET RACKETEER--- HE'SA POISONED MY PATRONS FOOD JOOST BECAUSE I NO BUY MEAT OFF HIS BOSS!
KNOW WHERE THEIR HEADQUARTERS ARE?
SURE! THE STAR MEAT CO. IT'SA DA FRONT FOR THE BLACK MARKET MEAT--
STAR MEAT COMPANY, EH? HMM! I THINK THE ANGEL IS GOING TO DO SOME SHOPPING.. ..FOR RACKETEERS!
MEANWHILE, MIKE, THE HOODLUM, GOES BACK TO HIS BOSS, GUNNER McLAIR...
CRIPES! WHAT HAPPENED? DID MY PLAN FOLD?
NAW, I POISONED THE FOOD ALL RIGHT...
...BUT SOME NOSEY CUSTOMER BUTTED IN WHILE I WAS BEATING NICK UP.. LOOKS LIKE NICK IS GONNA TALK!
HE IS, EH? THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS!
HEY, RED.. BRING THAT BEEF HERE!
WHAT'S UP?
COMING, GUNNER!
WE GONNA WIPE NICK AND HIS PLACE OFF THE MAP!
GEE, I GET IT! YOU DELIVER THIS BEEF TO NICK'S PLACE AS A GIFT--AND THE TIME BOMB WILL TAKE CARE OF THE REST!
4

I'LL HELP YOU LOAD IT ON THE TRUCK, RED!
THANKS, MIKE... BUT TAKE IT EASY!
AND JUST AT THAT MOMENT THE ANGEL WALKS UP TO THE REAR OF THE STAR MEAT COMPANY'S SLAUGHTER-HOUSE -
AH, THERE'S THE THUG I HIT! THEY'RE LOADING SOME BLACK MARKET BEEF FOR DELIVERY..
STAR MEAT
HEY, WHO'S THAT?
HUH? WHO? WHERE?
HULLY CHEE...
IT'S DE ANGEL!
OKAY, BLACK MARKET, YOU'RE THROUGH!
YIPES, HE'S COMING FOR US!
OOF!
COMPLIMENTS OF THE ANGEL!
OW-W!
5

WHY YOU--
GUNS, EH?
NO, YOU DON'T TOOTS!
BIT...
YOU'LL GET YOURS, ANGEL!
IS THAT SO?
THE WILY ANGEL LEAPS, AND --
SUDDENLY...
SLAM!
I'M RUNNIN' THIS SHOW, AND IT'S LIGHTS OUT FOR YOU!
THAT'S TWO OF 'EM! NOW TO SEE WHO'S RUNNING THIS SHOW!
OH-H!
6

WHEW! MY HEAD!
ALL RIGHT! THE FIGHT IS OVER... I'VE GOT THE ANGEL WHERE I WANT HIM!
WHAT DO WE DO WITH HIM?
HAH! SIMPLE! HEAVE HIM INTO THAT CARCASS AND SEW HIM IN! HE'LL BE BLOWN APART ALONG WITH NICK'S DUMP!
OH BOY! A SWELL IDEA!
STAR
MEA
THE ANGEL IS PLACED IN THE BEEF AND ---
HO! THIS IS ONE TIME I ENJOY BEING A TAILOR!
TRAPPED WITHIN THE CARCASS, THE ANGEL COMES TO AND REALIZES HIS PREDICAMENT...
GOOD GRIEF! THEY'VE GOT ME SEWED IN HERE WITH A TIME BOMB!
MY POCKET KNIFE! IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
THERE ... THAT DOES IT!
R-RIP
OKAY, BOYS! LOAD THAT DYNAMITE ON THE TRUCK!
YOU BET!
7

BUT SUDDENLY, A MESSENGER OF JUSTICE SPRINGS FORTH . . .
HOLD EVERYTHING, BOYS!
YEOW, THE ANGEL! HE'S LOOSE!
GIVE HIM LEAD!
NOT TODAY, SUCKERS!
YOU'RE A DEAD DUCK, ANGEL!
YOU TALK TOO MUCH!
OOPS! I'M FALLING!
OW-W!
BANG
SLAM
GUNNER'S WILD SHOT HITS THE TIME BOMB IN THE BEEF AND..
YAGHH!
AIYEEE!
OOHH!
BOOM!
WOW!
THROUGH HIS LUCKY FALL TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LOADING RAMP, THE ANGEL ESCAPED THE EXPLOSION...
WHEW! LOOKS LIKE THE BLACK MARKET THUGS WIPED THEMSELVES OUT THIS TIME!
AND SO, THE STARK SHADOW OF THE ANGEL COVERS ANOTHER SCENE OF CRIME'S END.
BUT, THE ANGEL WILL APPEAR AGAIN NEXT MONTH TO FIGHT THE ALLIES OF CRIME!

FREE PROOF THAT

PROF. LOUIS RUBEN
Inventor of the
"RYTHMAGRAPH"
METHOD

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Make me prove my statement! Let me send you my new simplified method of learning to play the piano with the understanding that it does not cost you a single cent . . . yes, not a penny, unless my amazing new discovery is everything I claim for it and that you actually play the piano from notes with both hands and with correct technique. Now make your dream of becoming a piano player come true. Now, without any previous experience, without any musical knowledge whatever, even if you can't read a single note, I will show you how to play fascinating melodies, popular songs, etc. You will actually read notes and you will play harmonically correct using both hands. My method is so simple that you actually perform this miracle of piano playing in 30 minutes or less.

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Your short cut two handed method enabled me, without any previous experience, to actually play a complete song from notes which only took ten minutes.
—*Joseph Rebman*

You Certainly Told the Truth

You promised to teach me to play an entire song in one lesson. Your simplified lesson enabled me, much to my surprise, to actually play with correct harmony, a popular song from start to finish.
—*Robert Cuzzo*

Seems Incredible

It seems incredible that in such a short time (1 month) I am able to play popular songs of the day.
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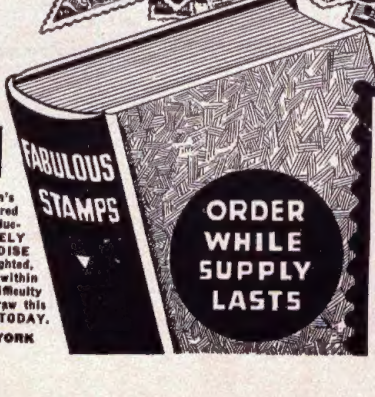

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BANG BANG BANG

IDEAL FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS!

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- A Repeater
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PATENT APPLIED FOR

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RAT-TAT - TAT-A-TAT

New Daisy SUB-MACHINE GUN

PATENT APPLIED FOR

TURN THE CRANK

DAISY CHATTERMATIC

TURN the firing crank—hear this sub-machine gun go "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!" Sounds like a real Tommy Gun—the kind soldiers carry. Daisy CHATTERMATIC is safe, harmless. Realistic handgrip, round magazine in machine gun style. It "shoots noise"—and plenty of it! Not an air rifle. Sturdy, all-wood construction. Jet black barrel, red magazine, natural wood finish stock. You'll be the envy of the other kids when your Daisy CHATTERMATIC starts "chattering." Light, easy to carry and use. Genuine Daisy quality and workmanship. Get yours now. If you haven't the money—ask Dad or Mother to mail only 89c plus 11c for postage-handling DIRECT to Daisy and we'll ship CHATTERMATIC immediately! Do it now!

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